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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Kirk and Sons, Cowes*

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES

Who finishes his preliminary training as a naval cadet at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, to-day (Wednesday), and is to proceed to Dartmouth Royal Naval College for his next term

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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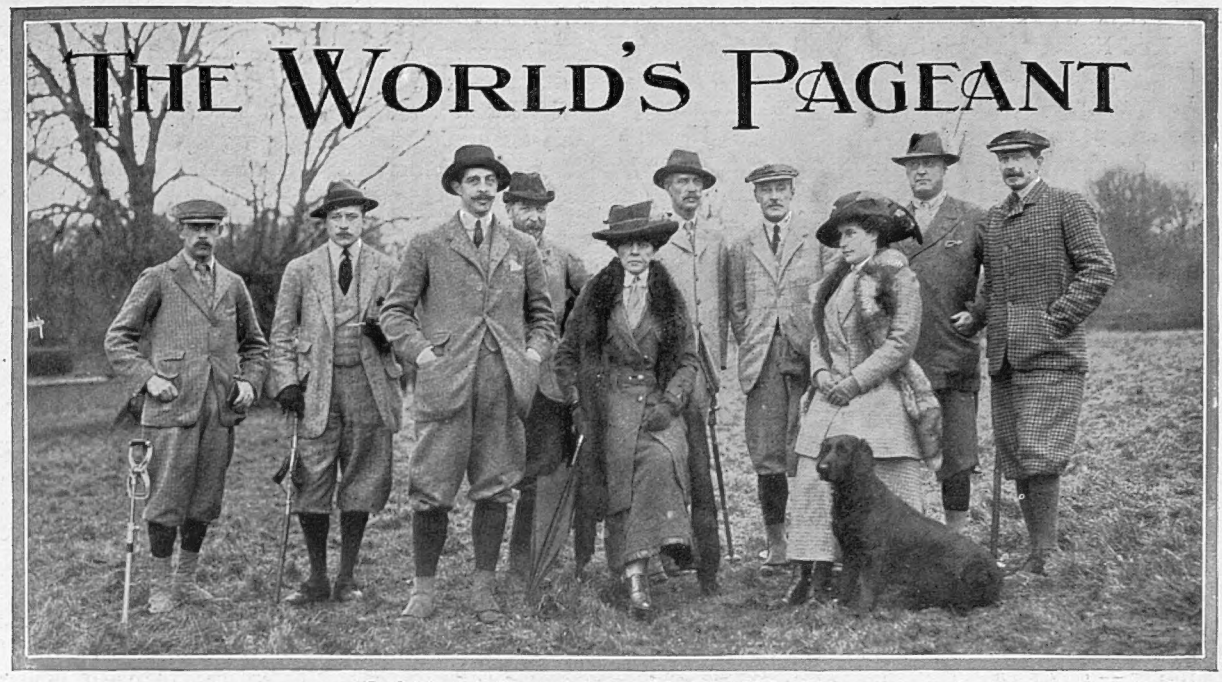
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



Lord Alington's Pheasant Shoot at Crichel last Wednesday

Left to right: Sir William Bass, Hon. Henry Brougham, Mr. Holbeach (front), Lord Westbury, Lady Sarah Wilson, Hon. Harry Stonor, General Drummond, Lady Noreen Bass, Lord Alington, and Colonel Gordon Wilson

The King and Queen

THE party invited to meet their Majesties at Lord and Lady Mount Stephen's shooting-party this week consists, owing to the Court mourning, of men only, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Cavan, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Revelstoke, Earl Roberts, and Captain Molyneux completing the list of guests. Lady Mount Stephen is a very old friend of the Queen's, having been for many years before her marriage Lady-in-Waiting to the late Duchess of Teck. Brocket is only a short drive from Hatfield, where the Queen is expected to call on Lady Salisbury. It was the home of Lord Melbourne, who died there, as did also Lord Palmerston.

Royal Plans

It is expected that their Majesties will proceed to Buckingham Palace from Brocket in order to complete their Christmas shopping, returning to Sandringham for the holidays. The official announcement that the King and Queen will visit Holland next summer has been received with general gratification. For more than ten years, ever since the Boer War, there has been a coolness. It has remained to King George to realise and swiftly act upon the vast importance of the Dutch alliance.

The Hon. Harry Stonor

Who is universally recognised as one of the greatest game shots in England, at Lord Alington's shoot last Wednesday

The Return of the Connaughts

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter are on the high seas, and could be home with ease by Christmas. It has been arranged, however, that they shall not land in England until after that festival. It does not follow, however, as some ingenious people suggest, that the delay is because the ducal party wish to avoid the family festivities at Sandringham! The Connaught tour has proved one of the most successful on record—almost *too* successful it is thought in Government circles, for their popularity has served to throw a rather brighter light than is considered expedient on the increasing *un*popularity of certain others.

Parties in Spite of All

There were lots of parties last week, that silly old Election notwithstanding. Lord and Lady Alington, who were both at Olympia on Sunday, had a very merry gathering at Crichel, where Lord Alington is a model landlord and Lady Alington simply stuns the natives with her artistic gowns, ropes of pearls, and wonderful colour-schemes. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes (the latter, like Lady Alington, distinctly accomplished in the elusive art of acting) had a party of first-rate shots to tackle the very first-rate shooting at Honingham Hall; and there were also parties at Chatsworth, at Welbeck, at Lambton Castle (by the way, I note that Sir Hedworth of that ilk is soon to become even more of a family man than his five big stepdaughters make him), and at Combe.

Triumph in Cardiff

One of the greatest Unionist triumphs of the Election was the snatching of Cardiff out of the very jaws (if I may be pardoned for suggesting that he possesses such a thing) of Mr. Lloyd George, and this in spite of the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not spoken in the "Welsh capital" during the campaign.

Daniel in Wales

Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, who has thus successfully "dared to be a Daniel," is a brother of Lord Bute, the great local landlord, and is an unassuming-looking young man of only twenty-seven. His wife is a daughter of the late Lord Gormanston, formerly Governor of Tasmania, where she once nearly lost her life by falling down a cliff while on the look-out for botanical specimens. The January election was a tragedy for them, apart from Lord Ninian's non-success, their little son having died as the result of a chill caught while electioneering.

Defaulting Peers

There was, I hear, a frantic fluttering in *opéra-bouffe* dovecotes recently when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that no fewer than four marriageable peers and peers-to-be had forsaken the fine and ancient traditions of their race and announced their engagements to—prepare for a horrid shock, reader — *gentlewomen!* All four—they were Lords Linlithgow and Worsley; Captain Strutt, heir to the Belper title and gold; and Mr. Charteris, future Earl of Wemyss — being well under thirty, were young enough "reely," as a certain very coming-on young stage-lady remarked, "to know better!"

A Popular Match

The marriage of Lord Linlithgow and Miss Doreen Milner is likely to prove the most important of the early year. The bridegroom-elect is very well off, good-looking, and only twenty-three years of age. His *fiancée* is quite as tall, and has charming manners and troops of friends. The wedding will probably take place from Sir Frederick Milner's house in Hereford Gardens, and Mrs. Edward Yorke will act as hostess for her father.

The "Little Father" (in unusual guise) and his Little Son

The new uniform introduced for the infantry of the Russian Army having proved most unpopular, the Tsar conceived the idea of wearing it for twenty-four hours, even sleeping in it. The above photograph, showing him wearing the uniform and holding the little Tsarevitch in his arms, has circulated widely in Russia

Vulgarity at a Tea-Party

What are some hostesses thinking of nowadays? At a small musical party the other day there were at least six or seven lady-journalists with notebooks. Now, this was not a charity function at all, but an ordinary—very ordinary—little musical At Home, and all these journalists must have been deliberately invited with the intention of booming the hostess and her entertainment. Is it not very vulgar, this sort of thing? The names of the guests were actually taken down as they arrived. I don't suppose there were more than fifty of them all told. There is a reason for booming a charity function, and I can quite understand the necessity of taking names at a big wedding or political reception, but if names are to be collected at every trifling tea-party what a prospect we have before us.

Nuts at Highcliffe

Everyone said they had a delightful time at the dance last week at Highcliffe Castle, now rented by Sir Harold Harmsworth and his charming wife, whom no one could possibly guess was the mother of three big sons. From what I have gathered, I have come to the conclusion that nut cutlets were *not* the *pièce de résistance* at supper.

Weddings of 1911

There are any number of interesting marriages taking place next month. The first is that of Lord Vivian and Mrs. Adrian Rose, which is fixed for January 5. Then Lord Worsley and Miss Alexandra Vivian will be united in the bonds of wedlock at the end of January, and there is the marriage of Lady Edina Conyngham and Mr. Thomas Ainsworth on February 9, but this marriage is to be celebrated in Ireland. Lord Linlithgow and Miss Milner's marriage is, I hear, to take place at the end of January or beginning of February.

Smart Rinkers

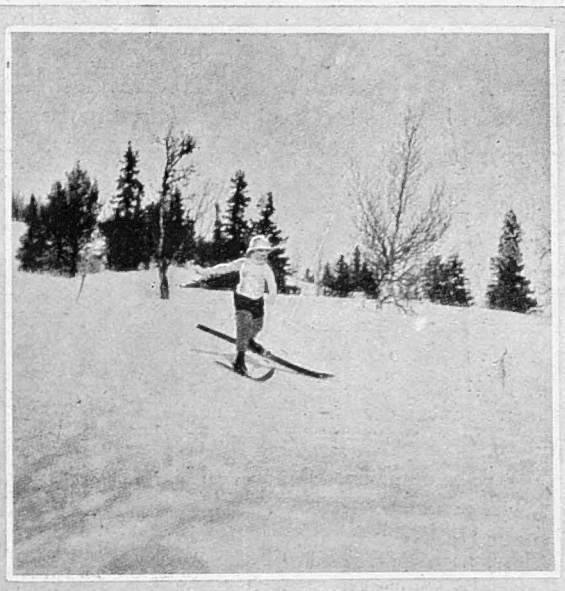
Of course you skate, sir and madame, and I presume you go to Olympia for this health-giving diversion. All the best families assemble there on Sunday afternoons, and among the *habitués* I would mention Lord Crichton, Lord George Cholmondeley, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, Lady Norah Brassey, Miss Trefusis, Miss Alexandra Vivian, Lady Magdalen Bulkeley, Colonel George Nugent, Lady Clementine Waring, Lady Newborough, Mrs. Newhouse, Major Arthur Hay, Mrs. Arthur Crichton, and other leaders of fashion.

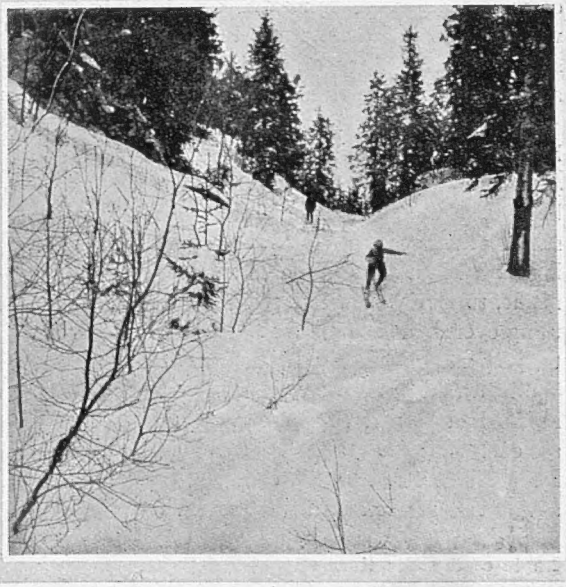
This Week's Wonders

They are wondering why the ladies left the "guns" so suddenly. They are wondering when she intends returning from abroad. They are wondering why she went abroad. They are wondering if it is good form to advertise in the way she does. They are wondering why she hid behind the curtain of the box on the first night of *Salome*. They are wondering at the Lord Chamberlain's concessions. They are wondering at her contributions to the game bag. They are wondering who gave the party away. They are wondering if the family quarrel will really be settled in court. They are wondering if the Princess has failed to attract. They are wondering who is financing the new theatrical venture. They are wondering if she really had her hair *ordu'é* before going to the party. They are wondering at the very latest elopement. They are wondering whether the family will keep it quiet.

The Need to Keep in Touch with Prince Olaf

A PAGE FULL OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF HIM BY HIS OWN ROYAL MAMMA





Photograph A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM QUEEN MAUD'S NEW GIFT-BOOK [*E.N.A.*

The popularity of little Prince Olaf and the great success of Queen Alexandra's Gift-Book have inspired Queen Maud of Norway to publish a similar book containing selections of her own photographs of her interesting little son. The book is being sold for the purpose of benefiting Norwegian charities. The printing and binding have been done free of charge by well-known Norwegian firms, and an enormous sale is assured. Above we reproduce a specimen page

(*Reproduced by Exclusive Permission to* The Bystander)

"Salome" Sans-Tête

Now, all that we really want *is* that performance of *Hamlet* without the Prince. For we have seen *Salome* without the Baptist's head. The late Oscar Wilde wrote a play round the terrible words, "*J'ai baisé ta bouche, Jokanaan*"—on the idea of a woman demanding the head of a dead man because unable to kiss the lips of a living one. And to this, Strauss, the most impassioned of modern composers, has written the most impassioned of modern music. Repugnant as the theme may be, obviously to take away the head from it is to take away the *raison d'être*. Yet our Censor has done this astounding thing, and instead of declaiming what Wilde wrote, Salome pours platitudes into a platter. But, fortunately, the English are an intensely imaginative race. Mr. Redford did not defeat us in our artistic enthusiasm. The head was not, it is true, on the Covent Garden charger, as it had been on the chargers of the music-hall, but we all of us reverently saw it there in spirit. *Salome*, in fact, was a success without its *raison d'être*. The prohibited head was more real in its absence than it would have been in its presence, and we were saved all the alleged shockingness of the reality.

A "Punch" Memory of the Author of "Salome"
When Wilde applied to the Censor in 1892 for a licence for *Salome*, it was refused, and the author accordingly announced his intention to become a Frenchman. The above is how Bernard Partridge treated the matter, and his sketch is reproduced here by kind permission of the proprietors of *Punch* in connection with the present production of *Salome* in London

Compared with "Elektra"

As to the music, many people think it less satisfying than *Elektra*. No doubt, *Elektra* is more mature, but I think *Salome* more interesting. *Elektra*, after all, consists of a tremendous lot of not very entertaining monologue and duologue, the purport of which few people can fathom, whereas everybody knows the simple biblical story of *Salome*, and most people know what Wilde made of it. Personally, I have no hesitation in describing *Salome* as almost an ideal opera because of the easiness to understand its purport without following its book, and to be able, as a result, to give the ear entirely over to the music. One thing everybody is heartily to be congratulated upon is that *Salome* has not been "done" into English. That Wilde, afraid of the Censor, wrote it in bad French we know, and in bad French Mr. Robert Ross has been at commendable pains to leave it. On this page I reproduce Mr. Punch's commentary on the episode at the time, which speaks for itself.

Logic of the Elections

The cold, logical brain is always a little *de trop* at Election times. As, however, even a cold, logical brain must be kept in motion somehow or it would rust, I may as well jot down here the one or two considerations that occur to me half way through the fight.

The Jury Refuses a Verdict

The salient factor is the continued determination of the electorate not to give a decision on the points submitted. What it said last January, it has said; Liberal Government stays in, dependent on Irish vote. Degrading to the Liberal party? Well, yes, perhaps it is. But that is exactly the country's idea. It rather likes a Liberal party degraded. After four years of self-satisfied superiority, a year or two of torment forms a fitting prelude to the outer darkness of opposition. The Liberals talk of themselves as the People's Party, and, like veritable diavolists, they actually profess to worship those who are thus making them the sport of Tantalus. Well, well, everyone to his taste. If the Liberals like office without power to do ought save what Redmond rules shall be done, then that is the sort of thing they like. Personally, if I had to choose between the *rôles* of Asquith and Balfour, I would be Balfour ten times over. For what really is Mr. Asquith's position? He is bound to pass the Veto Bill or to get those hated "guarantees"—both equally obnoxious courses to a man of moderate and very respectable views, who would far rather square the whole thing up peacefully with the Lords and leave it. The Veto through, he is bound to unloose the dogs of legislation, and let them, too, rush helter-skelter into Law.

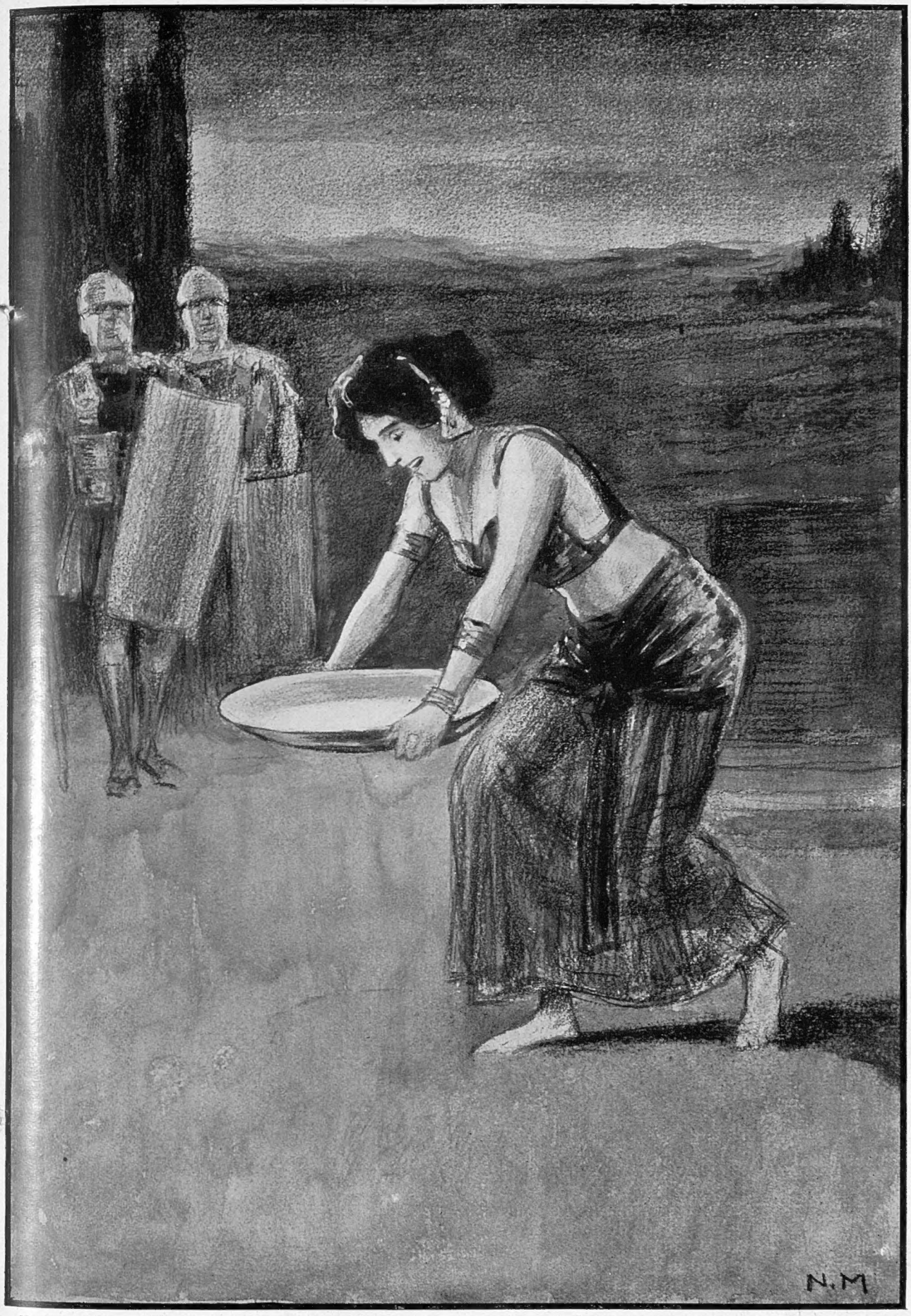
After the Veto!

Home Rule, the first dog, Mr. Asquith notoriously detests. Then there is the Teetotal dog, the anti-Osborne dog, the Disestablishment dog, and heaven knows how many more. The Lords' Veto gone, there will be no end of a yapping in the kennels as to which of them shall get out first, and the worst of it all is that the head-keeper doesn't want any of them out at all. So the enviable man is Balfour—if his own dogs of war, the Tariff Reform and Free Trade Unionists, will only leave him alone. He can sit and smile at the pathetic position of the People's Party.

Why the People's Party?

Why, by the way, is the party which represents—say—three million voters the People's Party and that which represents two million nine hundred the Peer's Party? That is how the *Daily News* divides the nation. Surely this is giving to the "Peers" a public advertisement of their strength and popularity out of all proportion to their deserts? Also, the suggestion that only half the electors of Great Britain are "people" is a little droll even for Radical journalism. Or should we call it mere snivelling cant? I have a

Salome Without the Baptist's Head!



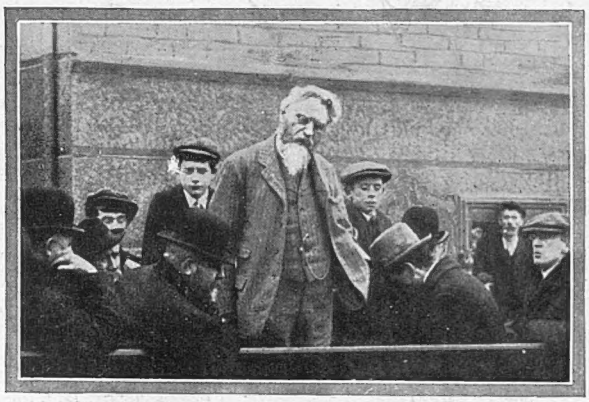
Mme. Aino-Ackte declaims passionate love to an empty salver, this being, in the judgment of the Censor, a shade less shocking than love-making to the Prophet's severed head. That it is ten shades more shocking, because ridiculous, has not occurred to him—yet. But it has occurred to everybody, English and foreign, who has seen the performances at Covent Garden. Why Maud Allan and other imitation "Salome dancers" on the music-halls should be allowed to dance with the head while the singer of the actual rôle of Salome on the legitimate operatic stage should be forbidden the necessary realistic symbol, is a question we should like to see debated in the House of Lords—when no politics are allowed therein

SKETCHED AT COVENT GARDEN BY NORMAN MORROW

A Cork that Couldn't be Stopped

FROM FLYING IN THE FACE OF THE DOLLAR DICTATOR

The Crowd in Patrick Street, Cork, During the Recent Exciting Election



Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., the Victor of Cork, Speaking at Douglas, a Suburb of the City. His most picturesque and forceful speaking made many converts

Mr. William Redmond, M.P., brother of the Dictator, who was soundly defeated. He enters Parliament, however, being unopposed for another Seat

O'Brien Go Bragh! Escorting the two M.P.'s for Cork, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Maurice Healy, to their Hotel after the Declaration

The great Irish commercial city of Cork returned Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy against the utmost efforts of the Dollarites. Mr. O'Brien puts down his great victory to the determination of the people to show their desire for conciliation and land purchase, to their resentment of the Budget, and of the Irish votes by which the Budget was passed

Among the Unionist Victors

SOME OF THE MEN WHO HAVE "DISHED" MINISTERIAL CALCULATIONS

Sir George Doughty, M.P.

Who, at Grimsby, converted a Radical majority of 322 into a Unionist majority of 698

Photograph *Larratt*

Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, M.P.

Who, at Cardiff, converted a Radical majority of 1,555 into a Unionist majority of 299

Mr. Harold Smith, M.P.

Who, at Warrington, converted a Radical majority of 153 into a Unionist majority of 246. He is the brother of "F.E." of that ilk

Photo [*Russell*

Photograph *Hills and Saunders*

Viscount Wolmer, M.P.

Who, at Newton (S.W. Lancs.), converted a Radical majority of 752 into a Unionist majority of 144

Photograph *Steer*

Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P.

Who, at Plymouth (with Mr. A. S. Benn), converted a Radical majority of 441 into a Unionist majority of 734. He is the son of William Waldorf of that ilk

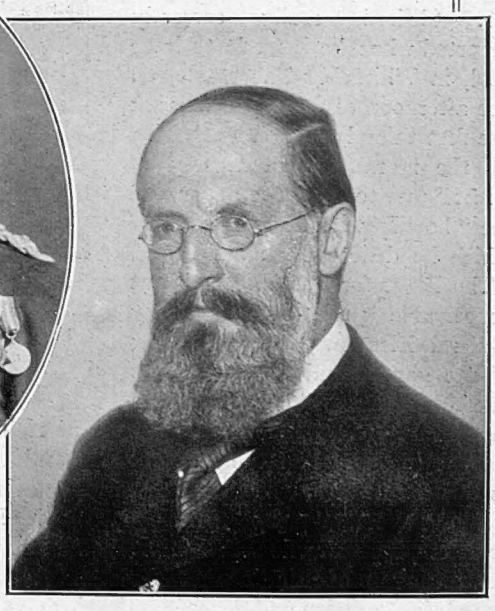
Mr. A. Bigland, M.P.

Who, at Birkenhead, converted a Radical majority of 144 into a Unionist majority of 1,055

Col. C. E. Yate, M.P.

Who, at Melton (Leicestershire), converted a Radical majority of 123 into a Unionist majority of 302

Photo *Russell*



Mr. G. A. Touche, M.P.

Who, at North Islington, converted a Radical majority of 31 into a Unionist majority of 406

large measure of respect for Liberalism, and a certain tincture of it in my own political composition, but surely its interests are not promoted by such nauseating methods. One party says "No Veto" and the other says "Reform and the Referendum." Each appeals equally, it appears, to the same number of *People*. Neither is the People's Party, and certainly neither is the "Peers'" Party.

The Need for Fair Play

Another example of electoral charity is that of the Radical journal which, in its leader, slobbers over the Tariff Reformers who have been "cheated" of Tariff Reform by that "trickster" and "hypocrite," Mr. Balfour, and in its "results" columns describes Mr. Balfour's party as "Food Taxers." When, oh when, are elections going to be conducted on civilised lines? How much longer will Liberalism allow itself to be represented in the Press by such buffoonery? Never was there greater need of a Liberal morning journal which a Conservative could read with the same *sang froid* as a Liberal can read the *Times* or *Morning Post*. Thousands of Conservatives, for instance, are neither pro-Peers *nor* Food Taxers. Are their possible halfpennies of no value to Radical newspaper proprietors? The *Westminster* is a pleasant change. Thanks to its moderate, if not always convincing, articles, it possesses probably as many Conservative readers as Liberals, and, I daresay, affects a good many quiet conversions as time goes on.

Degrading the Pulpit

Talking of "snivelling cant," is that alleged minister of the gospel, Dr. Clifford, really correctly reported when he is made to have said, in Whitfield's Tabernacle, on the afternoon of Sunday week, that the first thing he did on awakening on the morning of that day of "rest" was to open the paper and see "how Ipswich had g ne," after which he delivered an address on "The Fight for London?" What conceivable relation has any General Election to the preaching of the gospel, and what religious question is affected by this one in particular? The issue is the merits of rival plans for the settlement of the Second Chamber question. Is this a matter in which the Founder of Christianity would have had any possible interest? Is not, therefore, the man who uses a pulpit for the purposes of buttressing up one side against the other, prostituting the cause of religion and degrading the cloth he wears?

Photograph *Lafayette*

The Marquis of Linlithgow

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

A New Picture of Miss Doreen Milner

Daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., engaged to the Marquis of Linlithgow

The Writing on the Wall

Mr. Asquith's majority DEcreased by	260
Mr. Lloyd George's majority INcreased by	130

RACING: STEEPLECHASING

We had three starters at Sandown last week-end, one of which won at 8 to 1 and another scored at 4 to 1. The first was Counterpoise, who I marked out some time ago as a colt likely to earn distinction under National Hunt rules this winter. Besides having a useful turn of speed, Counterpoise stays well, and I expect him to win some more races for Mr. Dermot McCalmont.

Soldiers' Meetings

The Grand Military Meeting will once more be held on the Esher course next spring, the talk of removing it to Newbury having come to nothing. I hear, however, that Newbury is to have its own United Services meeting towards the end of February, a fixture which may take some of the interest out of the older gathering at Sandown Park, which will be held a week afterwards. The latter has always been one of the greatest attractions of the winter season, and I should not like to see it badly damaged. At the same time, healthy competition is good for all, and our soldiers are so keen on steeplechasing that there will probably be plenty of room for the new venture at Newbury as well as the old meeting.

A Grand National Horse

Our other good winner at Sandown was Rory O'Moore, who secured the big race on Saturday in fine style. People are now asking whether Captain Laycock's horse does not possess a good chance of winning the Liverpool Grand National. Certainly he does, but what is the use of talking about it until the weights for the great race are compiled? I am sure this fine jumper has never been in better form than he is now, his successes at Newbury and Sandown last week being exceedingly impressive. There is plenty of racing this week, but very little of genuine interest. **Shady Girl** may win the Clewer Steeplechase at Windsor on Wednesday, and **Greator** the December Hurdle Handicap on the following day. **Finchale** is my selection for the Winter Hurdle Handicap at Lingfield on Friday and **Frisco** for the Ashdown Hurdle Race on the second day.

CARBINE.

Astride Across Lancashire

THE NEW MASTER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL HARRIERS OF NORTHERN RADICALISM

Photograph MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., OFF FOR A GALLOP *Reginald Haines*

The most gratifying feature of the elections has been the disposition of the North of England to revert to Unionism. Not only have Unionist majorities been increased and Radical majorities enormously reduced, but actual gains for the Constitutional Party have been secured at South Salford, Warrington, Darlington, Wigan, Liverpool (Exchange), Birkenhead, St. Helens, and Ashton-under-Lyne. It is an open secret that no one has had more to do with these startling successes than Mr. F. E. Smith, who has been conducting a brilliant campaign in the North. The above photograph was recently taken at Mr. Smith's home at Charlton, Banbury

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The Bystander in Berlin

In the Heart of Berlin: The Crossing of the Friedrichstrasse and the Unter den Linden

WHEN this particular Bystander first settled in Germany he had a serious conflict with justice. It was a question of flower-pots. He admits that he broke the law. Some pelargonium petals, dislodged by a storm from his balcony, descended impudently on the metal helm of a policeman stationed below. He got imperative orders to stop them, but was foolish enough to protest. Smothering in pelargonium petals, he argued, was no ignoble fate; and Byron had sung incontrovertibly of a similar case:

> 'Twere better sure to die so than be shut
> With maudlin Clarence in his malmsey butt.

These sophistries did not succeed. Herr Constable Schwerkopf retorted with Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, and commented that Byron was *Dichtung*, whereas the police rules were *Wahrheit*. He read aloud the five-and-seventy regulations which control the exposure of flowers on balconies; and summed them up—unexpectedly in excellent English: "Dot is alls. It ist quite simple; and all Germany he every time obey must."

Since that far-off day the Berlin Bystander has had many chances of studying German paternalism; and all the time he has wondered and admired. Each week brought something new. This week his attention has been turned to the woes inflicted upon a numerous class of officials by their wooden-hearted superiors. They are forbidden to live out of Berlin. The only exceptions are: "If districtmedical attestation the forhealthssakeimpossibility of Berlinresidence proves"; or if the official is an unmarried man living with his parents who reside outside. This is a new reason for *Punch's* advice, "To those about to marry. Don't. You can't live in the suburbs." Of course, in Germany, suburbs—especially semi-detached villa suburbs—are smart. Only poor, but honest, clerks and widow ladies who have seen better days crowd into central flats.

Not only here does German paternalism operate against marriage. One would think from the hundred restrictions that the Fatherland was wroth with her growing population, and wanted to attain the state of stagnant France. The Post Office has just issued rules which make the noblest of sacraments almost impossible. Postmen are not to wed unless, in the view of elderly, unsympathetic Herr Kraetke, of the Reichspostamt, they have saved sufficient money, or unless they can find rich girls. And the Army administration is building brick walls before love-sick warriors. Sometimes these lead to tragedies. Often to comedies. Six weeks ago a lieutenant in the 21st Army Corps married a little actress from Posen. Everyone predicted trouble with his C.O. He would quit the regiment. Especially were adumbrated tempests from the C.O.'s blue-blooded wife, whose stern views of *mésalliance* were known to all. But a miracle happened. The haugthy C.O.'s wife went to her hall-door to receive the repentant actress, patted her shoulder, and gave her two sounding kisses on the cheek. A Socialist newspaper explained the inexplicable mystery. The C.O.'s blue-blooded wife was herself an ex-variety lady. A fellow-feeling made her wondrous kind.

Happily, there is nothing paternal about another new craze of German civilisation. This is the craze of the pretty ladies of the Tiergartenstrasse plutocrat Society for being painted while asleep. By painted I do not mean—*absit omen*—"done up." No German complexion needs (or can be helped by) the artificial superimposing of a synthetic afterglow. I mean having their portraits painted while slumbering. The Austrian Countess Czivek started the bright idea. The well-known portraitist who had given her an appointment for a sitting has the vicious habit of making you wait. Tired of turning over French novels in an ante-chamber, the beautiful Countess fell asleep. At last the procrastinating artist turned up. Entranced by the unexpected vision of sleeping Beauty, he threw off a lightning sketch, and as the Countess awoke held it before her astonished eyes. The drawing was so dainty and seductive that the delighted sitter insisted upon a complete oil-portrait, painted while she simulated sleep.

Not all the Countess's imitators simulate sleep. Some do sleep. It saves time. They recline in bed like sleeping Junos and Psyches, while their drowsy attitudes and somnolent stretchings (naturally not their occasional unintended yawns) are immortalised in deathless paint. Ambitious and hard-up young painters who seek at any cost a fashionable *clientèle* have eagerly taken up the production of these *Schlafbilder*. The old, and old-fashioned, painters are angry. Luckily for this Morpheus-Art, the old painters do not count. There is no paternalism in the art of Titian and Velasquez.

Royal German Sportsmen

THE KAISER AND HIS SONS HUNT THE WILD BOAR AT DOBERITZ

Prince Eitel and Prince August Wilhelm with their Wives

Prince Eitel, the second son of the Kaiser, married Charlotte, Duchess of Oldenbourg. Prince August, the fourth son, married Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein

After the Kill

The wild boar that has just met its fate is seen in the foreground, and a remarkably fine specimen it seems

Photographs] **The Royal Hunt at Doberitz, near Berlin: The Meet. (Inset, the Kaiser is depicted Chatting with an Officer)** [*Underwood*

The wild boar takes high rank among the beasts of the chase. There is no pluckier animal living, and the Kaiser enjoys the sport of hunting him to the full. A strong young boar can easily fight his way through a pack of hounds, and can do terrible damage to one's mount. In some parts of the world the boar is shot, but the only sportsmanlike way of killing him is with a spear. He is found in Northern Africa, in the Hawaiian and most of the South Sea Islands, but his true home is in India and Europe. Once upon a time the species was quite common in England. It is recorded that the King and the Prince of Wales hunted the wild boar near Windsor in September, 1617

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

PEOPLE are rather silly about the Referendum. The reason why I approve of it (unlike most Liberals and Conservatives) is this. It is bound—if it comes into fashion—to result in the Payment of Voters.

* * *

You cannot expect a voter to go on voting indefinitely often for nothing. Why should he? Even Members of Parliament are now asking to be paid for their services. How much more should the voter be paid for his.

* * *

At present he gets nothing—not even that indirect remuneration which the M.P. receives. He is not allowed to bore people for hours with a statement of his opinions; he cannot demand that people shall canvass for him. The only thing he can demand is that canvassers shall go away and leave him alone.

* * *

Again, he is not looked upon as a great man, and offered directorships. He is not invited to kick-off the ball at football matches—unless, of course, he happens to be a good player. Nobody wants him to open flower-shows, or gives him silver trowels for patting a stone in a tall hat.

* * *

No, the voter is the Cinderella among politicians, and when the Referendum comes it will be his turn to ask for some small consideration. For a guinea a vote, lots of the doubtful starters (who are the backbone of the country—moderate men—who hate Revolution or a thankless walk in the rain) would gladly record their opinion at the poll.

* * *

The country would, of course, have to pay for it; but untapped sources of revenue still exist. Paris is about to put a tax on cats. Why should we not put a tax on Suffragettes?

* * *

To turn from the future to the present—the elections, inconvenient as they seem, are at least showing us that heroism is not a lost art in England. At Lincoln, for example, "Mr. Churchill, guarded by police, went down into the crowd, while Sir Robert Filmer—the Unionist candidate—with folded arms, declined to listen to him."

"HALF HEREDITARY, HALF DEMOCRATIC"
Study in Reformed Peers, by Thos. Maybank

Neither of these has as yet received the Royal Humane Society's medal. Yet each in his way would seem to have deserved it.

* * *

Sir Joseph Lawrence, in an attempt to draw lessons from the elections, has declared in the *Morning Post* that the secret of a candidate's popularity is grit and an honest enthusiasm for the Empire. Thus Mr. Griffiths may be said to have won Wednesbury by the "honest ring" of his poster—"Vote for Empire Jack."

* * *

Suppose, however, that a candidate happens to have had a less simple name than "Jack" given him by his godfather and godmothers at his baptism. He might be full of grit, honourably keen upon the Empire. Yet—

VOTE FOR EMPIRE IKE,
or even
VOTE FOR EMPIRE WILL,

would—as likely as not prove somewhat ineffective posters.

* * *

"Be," says Sir Joseph to all intending candidates—"be the incarnations of the principles you advocate!" But how exactly does one impersonate a desperately keen Tariff Reformer longing for the Referendum? Ought Mr. Balfour to wear a monocle? Should Mr. Chaplin adopt a philosophic air of detachment and get into the habit of coiling his legs?

* * *

Another new Member, Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, "was a solicitor, but has retired and done much to encourage the revival of Morris-dancing." If he can persuade Mr. Lloyd George to follow his example, his presence will not be wasted in the House.

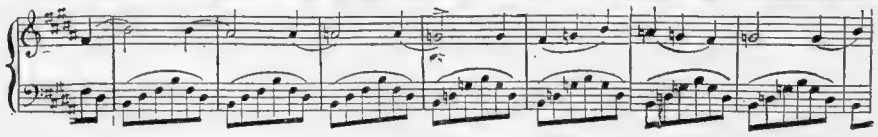
* * *

China is trying hard, it is said, to get a Constitution. The intelligent Celestials are beginning to realise that politics are twice the fun if you can charge the other party with trying to destroy the fabric of their ancient Constitution.

* * *

"We want wild beasts here," Strauss is reported to have said to his *prima donna* during the Prague rehearsal of *Salome*. Stout *prime donne* trying to act like wild beasts—no wonder the Lord Chancellor felt for them!

Music Seen and Not Heard

No. 2.—"DANSE MACABRE" (C. SAINT-SAËNS)

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE DRAGON OF WRATH" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THIS is a Chinese play, with decorative effects by Loie Fuller, and, as not infrequently happens, the effects are apt occasionally to make us lose sight of the cause. How far it may be considered good art to embellish a native play from the Far East with a very Western magic-lantern display we need not stop to inquire. It will be sufficient, perhaps, to admit that the show of moving colour produces combinations that are often very pretty, even if they are not always the spectacle we went out to see. One of the most-applauded scenes is a sort of serpentine dance performed by a large silk veil as big as the stage itself. The corners of the veil are held by attendants, who contrive by shaking it gently to send it floating into the air, where it undulates gracefully like a mountain cloud while the gentlemen in charge of the lighting arrangements flash upon it rich slabs of colour of sufficient variety to exhaust the resources of any ordinary box of paints. During this spectacular interlude the Chinese actors look on, not, I imagine, without a little mild surprise at the peculiar taste of English people in matters of dramatic art. It is all very nice and fanciful, of course, but you get the idea that it would have done just as well as a separate entertainment on the variety stage.

"THE CHINESE PLAYERS AT THE LITTLE THEATRE"

THE Chinese play itself in its raw state is quite interesting. I am sorry to say I am so ignorant that I do not understand a word of any of the Mongolian tongues; and all I can say of the dialogue is to express a pious hope that some of the expressions did not mean in Chinese what they sounded like in English. As long as the play keeps in its native element it has a delightfully fairylike air, which the dainty appearance of Madame Chung does much to sustain. Madame Chung has been compared to Sada Yacco, but some people always are a little extravagant with their compliments. She is a graceful little creature, with tiny feet not unlike those of a Dutch doll, a fact which may be responsible for her quaint and extremely doll-like movements. The story is all about a beautiful Princess, wooed by two rival Princes who fight for her hand. It is quite a tale of the primitive emotions, and whatever of psychology it may have is, for me at least, wrapped in the veil of the Chinese tongue—if the seven-and-seventy dialects of the Flowery Land may be unified in this way for convenience of expression.

THE first scene shows us the meeting of the rivals. Instead of standing and bowing stiffly at each other from a distance, they sit down to a cup of tea and talk over their respective chances in the coming fight in quite a fraternal manner. Indeed at one moment it looked as if one of them were telling the other a Stock Exchange story, but that was probably only the illusion of their art. On the entry of the Princess the stage is cleared to form a ring, as it were, and after she has taken her place on a throne in a blazing glare of limelight, the first round opens, and you see at once that these gentlemen must be two of the Chinese Boxers we have heard so much about. What? After a few minutes of sparring one of the Boxers falls down of his own accord, while the victor places his foot on the chest of his fallen rival and bows his acknowledgments. The victor then has a happy thought. He goes off and brings a sort of xylophone on the stage, and obliges with a brief selection from his musical repertory.

I DO not know whether this musical interlude is introduced as a pæan of victory, or whether it is the actor's artful way of covering his retreat from the elaborate love scene which, in the normal course, lies before him; but there is a good deal to be said for the latter idea, and I think we have something to learn

Passionate Players From Pekin

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

from the Chinese in this respect. Whenever in the past I have seen a home-grown actor worrying through a love scene with indifferent success, I have always thought there must be something he can do better than that, and in such cases we might, I think, adopt the Chinese method with advantage. The hero would come on and say that he begs us to take it for granted that he has proposed to the heroine and has been accepted, and to fill up the time he will now oblige with a few lightning caricatures on the blackboard, or will cheer us up by giving us "The Heart Bowed Down" as a cornet solo. It is all very well for the Western mind to recoil from Oriental ideas in the main, but some of them seem to be really worth considering. The love scene between the Princess and her favoured suitor is very short, but delightfully dainty. Madame Chung is at her best here, the little touches of coyness being emphasised with quite a Western idea of light-hearted humour. She flutters about the kneeling hero like the moth round the candle until she finally falls into his open arms.

IN the second act we come back to the drama again, and, as far as I am able to judge, the Chinese method prevails all the while. The Princess has now been married to her Prince for about ten years—at least, so we must assume from the apparent age of the eldest child, and I always think it is nice to look at things in the most charitable way. These two children are likely to become favourites, with their quaint ways and their doll-like beauty; and to see the smaller of them using the chopsticks in the course of the family meal is a liberal education in itself. About this time the rejected suitor comes to the happy home to abduct the Princess; and as he has apparently waited ten years before taking action, we must give him credit for having resisted temptation for a much longer period than is usual under such circumstances. He sits at the table as the honoured guest; but as soon as the husband and father has gone to put the children to bed, the villain throws off the mask. (This is a figure of speech, as what he is wearing is, in spite of appearances, not a mask, but his real face).

IN a few well-chosen words which cannot be reproduced here owing to the delicate nature of our printing plant, he breaks the news to the mother that he has come to fetch her away. The Princess is, of course, very much shocked. She runs round the table to dodge her pursuer, and reaches a spear from its nail on the wall, and threatens to prod him with that. But, with a mocking laugh, he dashes the spear aside, and catches her in his arms; and we look on anxiously, as we do not know to what lengths of realism the Chinese proceed in these matters. The suspense is, happily, broken by the return of the Princess's husband, to whom she explains her perilous position. This scene could not have been more convincing if it had been played in English. The two men, drawing their knives, rush at each other; and just as the husband is about to get a very awkward dig in the circumference, the Princess steps between the combatants and receives the mortal wound instead. Up to this point Madame Chung's methods have been a little difficult to justify; but her death-scene is really most effective, and as she expires with a grimace in the limelight, the applause is long and loud. In case Madame should, in her ignorance of our methods, misinterpret that applause, I hasten to assure her that it was provoked by the excellence of her acting, not as a manifestation of relief that the play was over at last. I think *The Dragon of Wrath* will be interesting to a great many people. JINGLE.

Portrait of an Arcadian with Wineglass

Otherwise Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, now playing in *The Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury Theatre

A New Dream for Daly's

Photograph] MISS BEATRICE VON BRUNNER *[Rita Martin*

A pretty young American actress, who is to appear in the revised edition of "The Waltz Dream," shortly to be produced at Daly's Theatre. Miss von Brunner has been playing the part of Sadie von Tromp in "The Dollar Princess" at the same theatre

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

France and the Lords

If the English really knew the interest France has taken in their Election they would surely be flattered. The fate of our poor, unfortunate Lords is discussed in every Paris drawing-room. And if, by chance, an Englishman enters he is at once bombarded with suggestions as to what might or might not be done in the crisis. In France, "our Lords" have an enormous prestige. Without ever attempting to look into its advantages and disadvantages, it has long been the custom to regard the British Constitution as a model for any country to follow. M. Jacques Bardoux, who is one of France's recognised authorities on the Constitution and history of Great Britain, simply "cannot understand why England is not satisfied with the Lords." Another suggests "that if we model our new Chamber on the French Senate we shall be bitterly disappointed." Yet another remarks "there is scarcely an honest man in our Senate."

A Cheerful Prospect for England

To the casual observer the French Senate appears to be all that is desirable in the way of a Second Chamber, but many of the French do not think so. One must have been behind the scenes during a French election to see the bribery and corruption that go on wholesale. Six hundred pounds per year for four years certain is not to be despised, but what an effort to get it! Both candidates for the Chamber and the Senate give freely, and *promise* still more freely. They pay their electors' hotel bills, bribe journalists, give tips here, there, and everywhere, and "promise" that when they are elected they will use their influence to get some of the existing 400,000 Government positions for their electors. Very often the promise is not carried out, but then, with much politeness and consideration, the Deputy or Senator writes, "he is doing his best, and advises patience." M. Doumer said, when he was in Parliament, his constituents wrote and asked him to do their shopping. Although this was rather annoying, he always gave instructions that these "orders" should be carried out. This kindly attention, however, has not prevented him losing his seat.

The Ways of the Senate

The Senate is elected by a body of men specially chosen for that purpose, and the Senate in turn elects the President. The Senators are all over forty years of age, whilst the Deputies must be over twenty-five. Unlike our House of Lords, they are chosen from all parties, and are quite able and experienced men, although their consciences are sometimes elastic. At the present moment there is a conflict between the two Chambers, as the Deputies complain that the Senators, who are only *indirectly* elected by the people, can throw out Bills passed by the elected representatives of the people. It is a general source of annoyance that the Senate prevents legislation; it does not only retard hasty legislation, which is really the object of its being. How curious it is that the French, who are ready to give us advice in the government of our country, are anxiously waiting to see how we are to treat our Second Chamber before they attempt to reform their own. They demand that all parties shall be represented in their Senate, and yet warn us to "be careful" if we object to one class alone being represented in our Lords. They uphold, too, the hereditary principle for us, and will not hear of it for themselves.

Mme. Curie's Case

Great indignation is felt among the women in Paris at the very unjust treatment which has been meted out to Mme. Curie. Mme. Curie's name is immortal. Why should she (because she is a woman) be deprived of her seat, whilst living, among the "immortals"? I knew Mme. Curie several years before her extraordinary discovery astounded the whole world. She was then Physics Lecturer at the *École Normale Supérieure* at Sèvres — the only lady among the science lecturers. Her research work and her carefully prepared and carefully delivered lectures did not prevent her discharging her household duties, and everything in her home was in perfect order. I remember distinctly she delivered her lecture in the morning and her son was born in the evening.

Sex and Brain

There was very great excitement in the Paris world of letters when Mme. Curie first made her appearance at the Sorbonne after her husband's tragic death. She specially requested that an official reception should not be accorded to her. "I am simply going on with my husband's work, nothing more," she said. I have not forgotten when she walked on to the platform the continual cheering that greeted her. At least some reference to the dead Professor was expected. Calmly and slowly a woman's voice began, "When one examines the progress made by electricity since the beginning of the nineteenth century," etc. And as she pronounced these words there was hardly a dry eye in the whole place. It is when one thinks of some of the very ordinary "mortals" who have been made immortal, and that this great genius should be denied its just recognition because it belongs to a woman, one can understand the righteous indignation of the women of France.

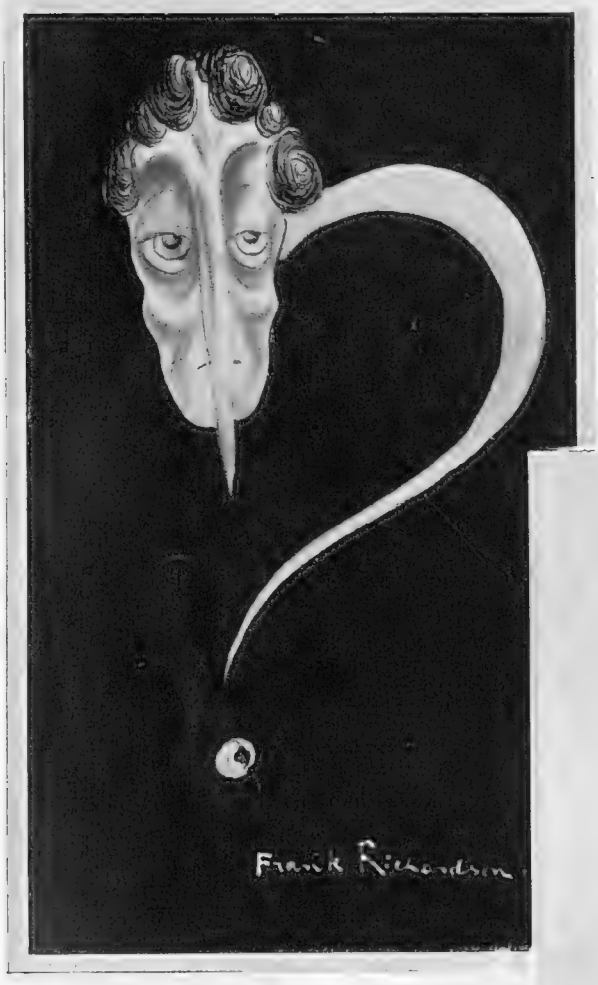
A Glass at Mid-day

FROM THE PAINTING BY BLOCUS IN THE PARIS SALON

My Caricatures
Appreciated by FRANK RICHARDSON

THE Art of Caricature is a protest against the vice of photography. Photography has sunk to such a depth that it is almost impossible to recognise the original of a photograph.

Let me take one or two instances. Every newspaper reader in London is familiar with the pictures of the sisters Dare. One would imagine from their portraits



Mr. Forbes Robertson

that they were living advertisements of a Snapper Trust, or were professional Odolites, whereas, in very truth, they are nothing of the sort; they are merely charming actresses.

Look at the photographs of Mr. George R. Sims, the eminent Tatchoist; "Herr Dr. Sims," as he might style himself in a bright moment, when conversing with Sir William Nicoll, or Mr. C. King-Shorter. Regard him in the brilliant caricature done by Mr. Bernard Partridge in the Christmas Number of *Punch*, and you see the real man, in spite of the fact that he is depicted wearing a coronet, which conceals the ironic fact that he is a bald-headed old gentleman. It is tragic to think that one who has restored prisoners to liberty, and hair to craniums (if that, indeed, be the correct plural) should himself be weak in hair. He restored others, but has not been very successful with his own.

I have no pretence to be a great artist; I am not even a Post-Impressionist. The main point of Post-Impressionism seems to be that all the artists of this school have learnt to draw in their early youth, and forgotten how to see in early middle age. Their pictures appear to have had a most disastrous effect upon their eyesight. People who are experts in the matter tell me that the best way to appreciate the work of a Post-Impressionist is to walk as far as you possibly can from the picture—if you are a pedestrian it would, apparently, be wise to walk as far as Charing Cross, or even Bayswater—and then ruminate on your impression of a thing which you have tried to forget. If you fail, I suggest suicide. The caricatures of mine which are produced here could never be mistaken for portraits. Take the case of Mr. Cyril Maude. I have never seen him in anything approaching the kit in which I have drawn him, neither, I trust, has Mrs. Maude. (A kit of that sort would break up any happy

Mr. Cyril Maude

home.) Still, it is far more like Mr. Cyril Maude (I know him well enough to call him "Squirrel") than any photograph I have ever seen.

Observe the "Sir George Lewis," which was one of my many masterpieces. Lady Lewis would probably think that it is simply an advertisement of the International Fur Store, and yet it is the man who, until his regretted retirement, was the greatest Society solicitor of our time, a fact

Sir Francis Burnand

suggested by the astute nasal organ and the lavish expenditure of ermine on his coat. The coat is a caricature of a coat, just as the figure is a caricature of the man.

Look at Forbes Robertson! Notice the extreme skill with which I have depicted the greatest Hamlet of our time (with the possible exceptions of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, H. Brodribb Irving, W. Barrett, Arthur Roberts, Weedon Grossmith, and the rest, happily too numerous to mention). I have depicted him as a sort of human note of interrogation. What was Hamlet but a super-human note of interrogation?

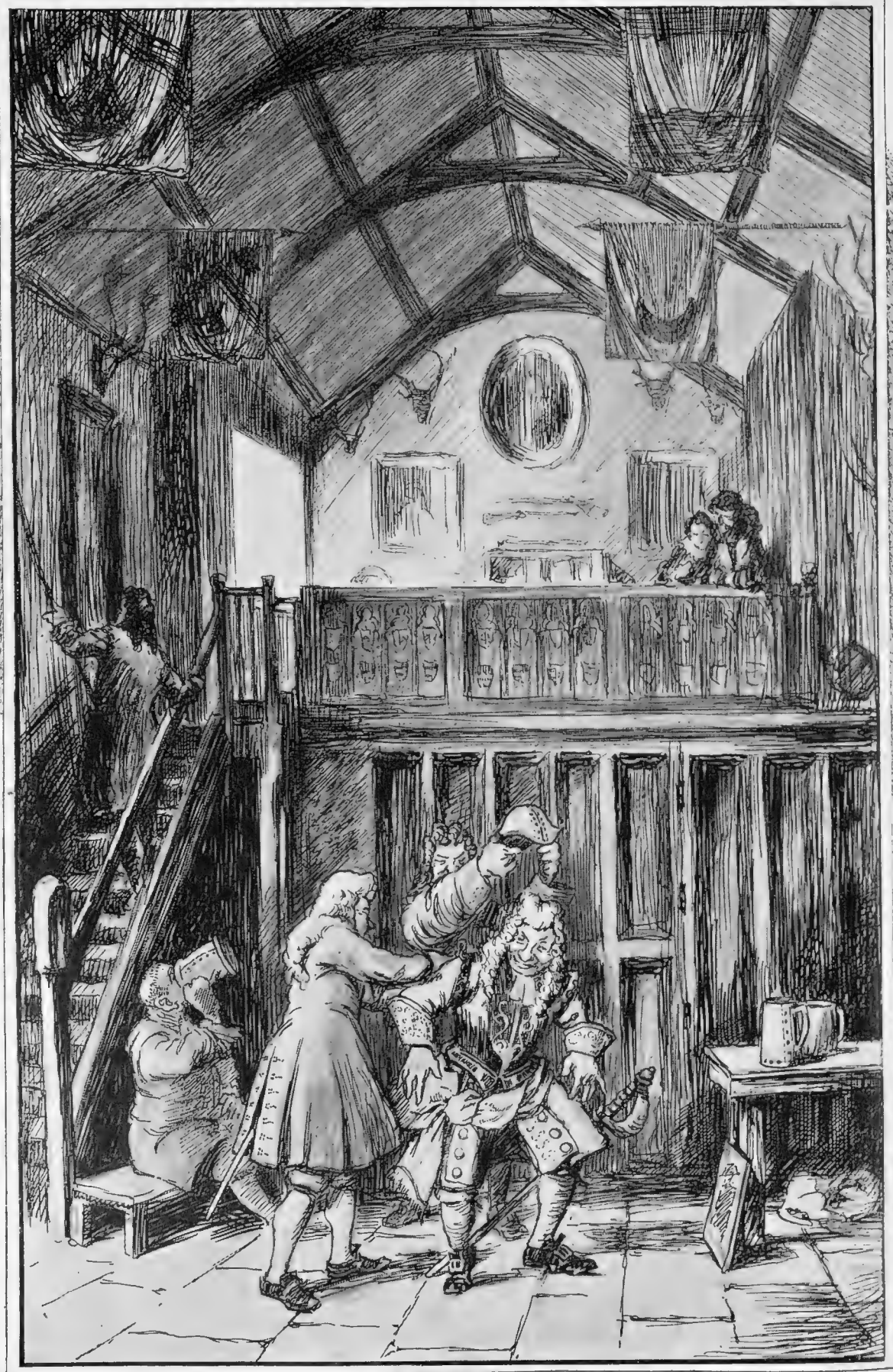
FRANK RICHARDSON.

Mr. John Redmond

Sir George Lewis

The Rise of the Joke Artist

In Four Chapters



No. II. — Ye Jacobite Joker to fubmit a fketch unto difguifeth himfelf by way of preparing ye Loyalift Editor

BY PHILIP BAYNES

Famous Hunts at Home

No. XXIII.—The Tedworth

Weyhill, Andover: The House of the Master of the Tedworth Hunt

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

SINCE the death of Mr. Thomas Assheton-Smith, the father of the Tedworth Hunt, there have been nine masters, the last and present one being Captain Faber, the Member for the Andover Division. The pack, as it now is, consists of fifty couples of working hounds, of which thirty couples are dogs. These latter differ in shape from those which Assheton-Smith hunted, and which were throaty, heavy-shouldered, big-boned, slow hunting, though persevering, hounds. This class has completely disappeared, and to-day I find a very good-looking lot indeed of level hounds, some of which are dark-coloured, owing to Lord Portman's strain, which was introduced some two or three years ago. They have a fair amount of bone, though, perhaps, not enough to satisfy the most fastidious. Yet it must be remembered that these hounds have fairly to race over an open country, where heavy hounds would scarcely be fast enough. Their necks and shoulders are good—better, perhaps, than their backs and loins—and they are deep-chested and undeniably stout hounds. Nose is first-rate, which is essential in this cold chalk country, which carries only a moderate scent; their cry is good, and they have plenty of drive and dash; in fact, I know of no hounds which can get along faster over the wide-spreading downs.

Captain Walter Faber, M.P., Master of the Tedworth Hunt

The bitches are not such a level pack as the dogs, and are still a trifle light of bone. Their backs, necks, and shoulders are good, but they are not particularly straight, which may be due to their lightness of bone. Their feet are fair, but in this flinty country hounds suffer a great deal from cuts through galloping over sharp stones. The two drafts from Lord Portman's kennel

the last two seasons have improved the shape of the pack, and now they are getting the right frames for breeding purposes. In work they are remarkably good, and in a country like the Tedworth, where hares abound, there is very little riot. They draw exceedingly well, and require the least assistance, casting themselves beautifully, especially the dog pack. Taking the pack as a whole, they are wonderfully improved, and very steady, showing undeniable sport and killing their foxes after good runs. The country extends from Marlborough in the north to Stockbridge in the south, and from Salisbury in the west to Hurstbourne in the east. It consists of light plough, woodlands, and downs, without a fence for miles, and a horse that can gallop fast is necessary. There is a good deal of wire, unfortunately, which practically ruins the celebrated Pewsey Vale, over which Assheton-Smith had such good sport.

The Huntsman (T. Ashley) and the Whips with the Dog Pack

Much of this Vale belongs to the Marquis of Ailesbury, who, although no longer able to hunt, is a great supporter, and, in fact, without him the Hunt would cease to exist. Foxes are plentiful, though in comparatively recent years it was otherwise. There are large shooting interests, none of which interferes with hounds, and I am delighted to find that the relations existing between them and the Hunt are of the best. The farmers are very keen, and many come out, while they preserve foxes well.

Officers from Tedworth and residents make the fields up to about 100. Tom Ashley, the huntsman, who was with Mr. Austin Mackenzie, Lord Southampton, Mr. Wroughton, Earl Manvers, and the Cleveland, is really first-rate, and is extraordinarily quick in getting away on "the back of" a fox. He evidently believes in making very little noise when drawing a covert, and rightly so, I think, as with such a poor scenting country it behoves hounds to get away absolutely on the top of their fox, otherwise there is small chance of a run. He has a good voice, a great love for his hounds, which look well in kennel and in the field, fine hands, and no horse ever appears to pull at him, while he is always well-mounted on horses that have been hunted in the Pytchley country. One of the most popular farmers, Mr. Jack Berry, of Enham, acts as one of the whips in an entirely honorary capacity, finding his own horses and clothes. He is, I think, one of the only amateur whips, and it is said of him that his eye for a fox is so keen that he can see one two miles away—odd as this must sound. Captain Faber is tremendously popular in the country, and resides at Weyhill. He is always out, except when his Parliamentary duties take him elsewhere.

His Field Masters in his absence are Admiral Marx on the east side (and this gentleman is also hon. secretary), while on the west side Mr. McNiven acts. Everything points this season again to good sport, and I hope to hear that last year's record of fifty-three and a half brace of foxes has been maintained. Captain Faber, who is a brother of Lord Faber, served in the R.H.A., and having already successfully fought two elections in the Andover Division, has on this occasion been returned unopposed. Sound in his politics as he is keen in sport, a straightforward, hard-working gentleman, tactful, courteous, and of kindly, cheery disposition, he is the one and only man to represent this huge constituency. If there had been a fight there could have been but one result. Captain Faber's majority of 2,400 would have been largely increased, for there is no more deservedly popular man in Hampshire.

Reynard Aroused

Photograph *Silk*

Snugly sheltered in tangled undergrowth, the fox hears the distant note of the huntsman's horn. His look and his poise denote that he contemplates a hurried flight from his cosy covert

"Twenty Years After"

HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

AND—HIS FORTY-FIRST

Bystander Short Story

The Burglar

By Austin Harrison

HELEN, Countess of Mountjoy, peeping round a corner of the red blind, looked up and down the street. The window looked out upon one of those cloistered squares still to be found in the great city. Gaunt and sooted stumps, that in summer were trees, stood in the middle of it, flanked in with the usual spiked railings. From the few lamps sparsely dotted round the square, dull, yellow daubs of light flickered in the gusts, while the streaming rain shimmered upon the pavement. The Countess flung back the blind, and herself with a pout upon the bed.

"D——n!" she said, "What can have happened?"

For two years she and "Pony" had kept idyllic tryst in this old-world square, known in the Directory as St. Agnes; in the bijou flat—"*sans-souçi*," she called it—rented in the name of Mrs. Johnson, who kept punctilious care within and all intrusion without. *Sans-souçi* had been her idea; she had furnished, it was she who paid for it, and as one end was a *cul-de-sac*, its strategic points were considerable.

He had never been late before. "It was disgraceful," she thought.

"Pony" was a brute—a fool. She had always regarded him as rather an "ass." Now she knew it. He would have his lesson though. She would go away, "drop" him, "cut" him, and before leaving she would throw the photograph of his "silly" face into the fire, smash his silly Tanagra statuettes, his silly prize cups, and all his other silly gewgaws. So, in high dudgeon, she gathered up at random as many of his pet trinkets as she could carry, and flung them, with a gasp of satisfaction, upon the fire.

The fire was burning gaily, throwing a cheerful warmth into the dim, panelled room, and as the flames leapt up responsively and the sparks crackled, and thin lines of blue flame glowed mysteriously from the logs, the meditations of the Countess fell into a more chastened strain. Perhaps, after all, it was not his fault. He might be ill. It was not so very late. No, she would wait just a little longer, for she was absurdly fond of her "Pony." Then the fire began to burn her toes.

She would lie down for a bit and read. She chose some half-dozen volumes from the spindle bookcase, being an adept in literary *effleurage*—a feat she generally accomplished, per volume, regardless of matter or size, in about twenty-three minutes; and, so provisioned, the Countess slipped under the bed-clothes.

It was a vast Chinese bed crested by a tester woven in white and purple silk of doves and leaping angels, and embossed on the foot sat a wooden griffin, which the Countess had brought back from the East, whose grin and effrontery delighted her.

She looked at it, smiled and grinned, toyed with this book now with that, watched the window-curtain swaying gently with the draught, as English window-curtains do, smiled and grimaced at the griffin again, and, feeling sleepy, she slipped the great rope of pearls—the historic family rope—over her head, deposited it carefully under the pillows, and—fell asleep

How long she slept I cannot say—she never told me; it might have been an hour or thereabouts, but she well remembers awakening quite suddenly, her eyes opened very wide, hypnotised, as it were, by the form of a man craning over her with a black mask on his face.

"It was fearful," she afterwards explained. "I wonder I didn't scream the place down"; and those who know her agree that it was extraordinary.

"Don't scream!" said a husky voice. "I won't hurt you. I want to know where your pearls are—the rope you had on. Where is it?"

A human voice—the Countess felt relieved. It was ghosts, shadows, dentists, conventions, and superstitions she feared, not man of any size, form, condition, or temperament. Still, she was terribly frightened, and murmured, "My pearls?"

"That's it. Where are they?"

"I really don't know," fell from the Countess, who at the moment probably didn't know.

"Don't know? What the deuce do you mean?"

"How should I," she murmured, slowly recovering her wits. "I don't quite understand."

"You soon will though, my good woman!" the man said. "Pull yourself together. I'm a thief."

"Really!" she retorted as sympathetically as she could.

The masked man looked at her. He went to the table, poured out a glass of mineral water, poured something into it, and, handing it to her, said, almost affably: "Here, drink this. You're frightened."

The Lady Helen was surprised; but she felt grateful, and showed it. She returned him the empty glass with a smile.

"You're a nice burglar, at any rate," she said.

"You're a nice lady," was the rejoinder.

Quite a wit, she thought, much comforted by the drink; but she hoped he could not see how annoyingly her heart was beating.

"Now, I want to know what you did with your pearls?"

She was now slowly coming to herself again. Her

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aplomb was superb. Even in supine state, with a burglar in the room, she found it coming back to her. True, she had not had experience of burglars before, but what of that? She loved experiences, adventures, novelties. A burglar was of human clay; she began to eye this one. He was a big, broad fellow, yet somehow he did not appear to her very dangerous. He spoke fiercely, huskily; yet it was not quite the voice of a common man. He was considerate, or he would never have given her a drink. He was not bent on murder, or he would not have woken her up. She began to consider what she should do.

"What pearls?" she said, in charming affectation of astonishment, for she was not going to surrender yet.

The masked man made a gesture which made her blink.

"You see this," he said. "Now, what I want is your pearl rope—the big family one. You had it on when you came here. It's no good trying to 'kid' me. I'm going to have it or swing for it," and as if to show that he was already anticipating the possibilities of another kind of rope (a hempen one), with his left hand he drew out the shining barrel of a six-shooter from his ulster pocket.

"Oh, please don't hurt me," she pleaded, folding her two hands together in the prettiest of prayerful entreaty. "Do put that nasty shiny thing away. Please—Mr. Burglar, please!"

The burglar let the shiny thing fall back into the pocket.

There was a pause.

The man was on the fence, the Countess on the defence.

Then the fence gave way, and the shiny thing protruded again.

"I—I—I'll try and think, I will, really," went on the Countess, in mock whimper; and so saying, she shut her eyes. The fact was she wanted to think. The man was a burglar, of course; but he certainly wasn't a brute. Any moment "Pony" might come, she thought. The man couldn't possibly know she really had worn her pearl rope that night. She could feel it under the pillow all the time, but then he couldn't. It was *va banque*, no doubt. She played a good hand at poker. She made up her mind to play the stake.

"Aren't they on the dressing-table?" she suggested at last.

The masked man turned round, walked up to the table, and strode back.

"No," he said, and something about the tone of his voice set the Lady Helen considering.

"I can't remember a thing," she said; "I'm too frightened," and she covered up her face with her hands.

"Look here, now," the man began. "Those pearls are in the room, somewhere. I know it. I've looked everywhere and can't find them. I've got all the other things you wore"—the Countess glanced at the rings on her fingers—"except those," he added—the Countess put her hand up to her hair. "Yes, I've got the tiara safe enough," he went on significantly; "but I'm after that rope, and I mean to get it. Now, then, where is it?"

But her fingers were with her earrings.

"I've got those, too," the man threw in, and sure enough the long Russian emerald drops Count Orsokof had given her had been snipped clean off close to the lobe, and only the gold clasps remained. The Lady Helen bit her lip. She was now thoroughly wide awake, thoroughly combative and alert.

"You haven't wasted your time, anyhow," she said.

"I'm out on business, you see!" the masked man replied.

"Well, you've got all I've got," she snapped.

"All but the pearls, yes. Now, I warn you, you had better not play the fool any more."

"Perhaps they're in the drawer over there," she murmured.

The burglar pulled the drawer out and threw it rudely on the bed.

"No pearls there. Think again."

"Of course not. They're not here at all."

For all answer the man put his hand in the unpleasant pocket.

"They may be among—my things—over there—on the floor," she hurriedly corrected, demurely pointing to the heap of clothing on the carpet. "One gets so careless," she added, half-apologetically. "Will you look, Mr. Burglar?"

The burglar did look. He shook the opera-cloak, the skirt, the bodice, the stays, and sundry other silk and batiste garments, and then dropped them on the floor again.

"You're a tidy woman, I must say. Fellow can hardly walk about without falling over your confounded drapery shop. Never saw anything like it!"

"Yes, aren't they the sweetest things you ever saw," she began, clapping her hands with baby glee. "Just look at the lace on that——"

"Blow your lace. I don't want your chiffons," and this remark Lady Mountjoy considered rather advanced for a common burglar.

"But you're talking chiffons," she riposted meekly.

For all answer the man began to pick up the clothing lying on the floor. The Lady Helen watched him, horror-struck.

"You're never going to 'burgle' my—my things, are you?" she cried.

"Yes, I am, though," he rejoined with aggravating complacency.

"But they're no good to you, are they?"

"No, but they are to you. In our profession we have to be stealthy, you know. When we can't get what we want, we employ a ruse. A lady isn't much of a lady without anything to put on, is she? I think I'll drop them out of the window."

"Oh, you fiend! Please, Mr. Burglar, I'll give you all the jewellery I have."

"All right! Take your choice—pearls or clothes. Which is it?"

"But you'll leave my opera-cloak?"

"No, I won't. I could get a 'tenner' on that, any day."

The Lady Helen burst into tears—but she wasn't really crying. She cried very effectively for a moment; then she thought it time to look up.

"Mr. Burglar, I thought you were a nice man," she sobbed.

"So I am," the man responded good-humouredly.

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Held Over From Our Christmas Number

Father Christmas: "What will you have, sonny? It's all a dream!"
Tommy (*excitedly*): "I'll have that apple; quick, please, before I wake up!"

BY G. E. STUDDY

(Continued from page 594)

"You don't suppose I want your blooming frills, do you? I hate untidy women. I'm going to fold them up and put them on a chair."

And this he did, like a French dress-maid.

"Charming little foot, yours!" he said, picking up her satin shoes.

"It's very good of you ——" she began, but the big man wheeled round suddenly, and came close to the bed.

"Look here, now! I'm a desperate man. Those pearls are here, and I'm going to have them if I choke them out of you. Do you hear? I'll give you five minutes to consider it. By God!"

There was an ugly ring in the big man's voice. She began to think the game was up. But she was not afraid—she was too well-bred for that. She had the gambler's spirit—she showed the gambler's imperturbability. Besides, something about the man seemed to suggest someone she knew. His very size, his manner, his movements, even his voice, resembled some acquaintance whom she could not "place." She felt that instinctively. She was not going to risk her life, of course. Yet there was no physical danger. The man did not appear to look upon her—defenceless though she was—in that way. She determined to temporise yet a little longer.

"Mr. Burglar"—she spoke in that soft tone of hers, which men found so "conducive"—"Mr. Burglar——"

The burglar approached still closer to the bed.

"Do you know that any moment you may be caught by a gentleman who, if he finds you here with me—in this *décolletage*," she added, with charming modesty, "would shoot you dead as soon as look at you?"

"I've squared that; he won't come to-night."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. He won't come to-night."

The Lady Helen clutched the bed-clothes.

"Then ——" she began.

The burglar nodded.

"You know."

The burglar nodded again.

"And you've squared him?" she asked, staring intently into the masked face; and again it nodded.

"Mr. Burglar," she said sharply, "if you want my pearls, take off that mask."

"You'll be surprised if I do," said the big man, after a pause.

"I don't think I shall. Anyway, you may risk that," but this time she spoke graciously.

The big man hesitated, then without a word drew off the mask.

The Lady Helen gave a little scream, and fell back on the pillows in an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"How d'y do, Lord Rivers," she got out at last, tears of laughter coursing down her cheeks. "It was awfully well done. A real sporting evening. *Mes compliments!*" She held out her hand with polite insouciance. The man clasped the little hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Pony's a lucky dog. By Gad, he is. You're a dashed plucky little woman though, I must say. Couldn't even frighten you. Deuced nice place this, too." He laughed nervously.

She lay back on the pillows in convulsions.

"May I?" he said, approaching his face very near to hers. "Just one–

She was laughing too much to protest—I believe he did. But he only touched her forehead; the kiss steadied them both.

Lord Rivers drew back from the bed. The Lady Helen drew up the bed-clothes.

There was a moment of mutual stocktaking, but the woman recovered first.

"Well, Lord Rivers, I'm waiting for your explanation."

"You may smoke, if you like," she added, seeing that he made no answer. "Will you give me one?"

Lord Rivers fumbled in his coat pocket, pulled out a beautiful Russian enamel cigarette-case, opened it, and handed it to the Countess.

She took one. "Russians!" she said, and placing a finger on the lid, deftly turned it round.

"I thought so. Mine, also! So you've burgled that as well! Well, you are a ——"

"Thief," he threw in savagely.

"Quite so," she said. "I suppose you've got my match-box?"

He drew out from the ulster pocket on the chair a little gold bag with match-box attached, and laid them on the bed.

"There you are, Lady Mountjoy."

She struck a match thoughtfully, and lit her cigarette. Then she blew tiny rings.

"I'm at a loss, Lord Rivers, to understand this conduct. What does it mean?"

The unmasked burglar took his second whisky, lit a cigarette, crossed his legs, and put up his eyeglass.

"It means this. I'm 'blown.'"

"You're what?"

"Blown—ruined—done for——"

"Stoney?" came in silvery consolation from the lady.

"Quite."

Lady Mountjoy blew some more tiny rings. Then she put a finger through them.

"So you really have come here to burgle."

The tall form rose.

"Look here, Lady Mountjoy. It's no use fooling. I've got to get out of the country—that's the position. I can't stick here after to-night. If I had your pearls I could get enough money on them to live comfortably somewhere abroad. You won't miss them. You're in a hopeless fix here. You daren't go home too late. The boat-train doesn't leave for Paris till the morning, so I've tons of time. I know it's a damned blackguardly thing to do. But it's my only chance. It's that or——" he completed the sentence with a gesture.

He strode about the room, pale and excited. Lady Mountjoy dropped the cigarette ash on the bed.

"Or what?"

They were both smoking furiously now.

"I mean this. I'm too young to die. I can't blow my brains out like a man. Those pearls don't matter a halfpenny curse to you—they're life to me. But if you force me, I'll——"

"Blow mine out, *n'est-ce pas, mon ami?*" she threw in serenely.

"Yes, and mine after them; and we'll be found like lovers there—on the bed in the morning."

"I think," said Lady Mountjoy, "I'll give you my pearls then. Here they are." And with that she drew

(Continued on page 598)

A River of Blue Ice

THE CHILLY PATHWAY TO ONE OF NATURE'S TREASURIES

CROSSING THE BITTER CREEK GLACIER

The glacier which runs through Bitter Creek (near Stewart, British Columbia), the scene of the recent gold rush, is twenty miles long, and is made entirely of solid blue ice. There is quite a cheerful little town at Bitter Creek now, thanks to the discovery of gold in the district, and it is rumoured that the demand for "The Bystander" at the residential club has caused a regrettable increment in the death-rate

(Continued from page 596)

the great rope from under the pillows. "*Voici*, Lord Rivers."

He took the rope without a word, folded it several times round his arm, tried to smile, tried to look at her, but lit a cigarette instead.

"I never thought of looking there," he said, foolishly, averting his gaze. He got up awkwardly.

"Wait a minute. Now tell me. Do you think they're any use to you now you've got them?"

"Why not?" He turned and stared at her.

"Why not? Don't I know who you are? Won't I have you arrested the moment I leave the house? Do you imagine you can escape? Why everybody in town knows *you! Mon cher*, you're a fool."

"I've thought of all that. You won't do anything of the sort."

"Oh, won't I. And, pray, what's to prevent me?"

"Because you're here."

"I don't understand."

"I know you don't. That's just what I'm going to tell you."

He paused.

"You won't like it, Lady Mountjoy. I'm awfully sorry to have to tell you, but I suppose I must now."

"I don't think you need concern yourself about my feelings at this hour," she replied. "I'm pretty well seasoned after all this, I fancy. One more surprise won't matter. Anyhow, I absolve your conscience," but she might as well have been sarcastic to the griffin.

Lord Rivers walked rapidly up and down the room, glanced at his watch, and sat down again dejectedly in the armchair. He looked at her almost pitifully for a moment. At last he spoke, slowly.

"Lady Mountjoy—Helen, let me call you Helen—it's the last time I shall ever see you. I've got to be an awful beast. I ask your pardon first. The fact is I've got to 'split.' Do you understand?"

"Go on," she said, icily.

He jerked his head suggestively towards the floor.

"Do you know who lives below?"

Lady Helen pouted discreetly.

"I'll tell you—'Pigeon.'"

"Pigeon! My husband! Oh, you coward," said Lady Mountjoy, with passionate crescendo, bridling all hot with fury.

"It's true, though," Lord Rivers interrupted drily.

"Do you mean to tell me——?"

"I mean that when you're up here with 'Pony,' 'Pigeon,' as often as not, is down there with——"

"Oh, I can't believe it—it's monstrous—it's the most caddish thing I've ever heard—it's an abominable lie. Oh, what shall I do?" and Lady Mountjoy gave vent to her rage in tears, which this time were genuine.

"I'm dashed sorry, Lady Mountjoy. But I had to tell you. You see why, don't you? You see now you can't say anything."

"No, I don't see anything," sobbed the lady, "except that you're the vilest blackguard that ever lived. It's not true. It can't be true. You know it isn't."

The sweet little face looked up in almost pathetic appeal. The man let his eyeglass drop.

"Lady Mountjoy, it's as true as I'm here. Do be sensible. It's not so bad really, you know. Please stop crying. After all, if he's below, you're here. It's quite as bad for him, isn't it?"

Genuine humour always appealed to the Countess. It was ridiculous to think of "Pigeon"—down there. She dried her eyes and made an effort to look dignified.

Lord Rivers seemed relieved.

She contrived a smile. It really was rather funny.

"So 'Pigeon's' infidelity is your——"

"My *alibi*; quite so. Husband's word worth wife's any day. You're caught, Lady Mountjoy—by your own husband," he added mischievously.

Lady Mountjoy hated all logic except her own, but she saw the point of this. Her little handkerchief was quite wet by this time. She deposited her tears in the soft down of the quilt, and began to think.

"So I'm in a trap," she said at length, resignedly.

"There's a dear little woman. I knew you'd understand all right. I'm awfully sorry."

But she barely heard him. She was thinking hard now of "Pigeon," of revenge, of some means of paying him out.

"How much do you want?"

"To clear out?"

"Yes."

"Thirty thou would do."

Her brain was working feverishly.

"Why shouldn't we turn the tables?" She smiled. "Why shouldn't I surprise 'Pigeon' down there, and make him draw me a cheque. I'd love to pay him out for this. I'll give you the money, and we'll be quits all round."

Lord Rivers looked perplexed.

"I'm not doing this for you," she continued. "I'm doing this for revenge."

Lord Rivers stared with his mouth wide open.

"Do you really mean this, Lady Mountjoy?"

"I'm not accustomed to break my word."

"Well, I'm——! Excuse me, Lady Mountjoy, but you're more 'fly' than I am. I—I . . ."

"I'll get you the money, if you'll arrange the other thing," she said. "Then you must leave the country, and if you have any gentlemanly instincts left, you will forget all about this evening."

"I'll do anything you ask, dear Lady," he stammered.

"Then I'll get up," she retorted. "Will you go into the other room while I dress?"

When the door was shut the Lady Helen rose and hurriedly began to put on her things. She pulled and struggled, hurt her fingers, and at last opened the door—"Jack!"

The tall, well-dressed man walked into the room.

"My tiara, please," she said. Lord Rivers pulled it out of the ulster pocket.

"And now my rings."

"Earrings!" She tied up the severed emerald drops carefully in her wet handkerchief.

"I'm glad I've kept my pearls," she remarked, putting her head through the pearl rope.

"Oh, you've still got my cigarette-case, Lord Rivers."

She gave some deft touches to her hair, one conclusive look in the glass, and smiled, for she was looking her prettiest.

"I'll fetch a cab," said the man.

"One minute. I've helped you out of a difficulty. Will you help me?" she asked.

Lord Rivers bowed.

"Before we go down—there, just see if you can hook my dress behind."

AUSTIN HARRISON.

"THE CONFERENCE"

A Photogravure of this picture, size 20 in. by 15 in., will be sent to any customers or friends, post free, on application to—

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Society of Authors

Mr. William de Morgan has been braving the rigours of our winter. He generally lives in Florence at this time of the year. It was therefore appropriate that he should have been the principal guest at the Authors' Society dinner held some days ago in the Alexandra Room of the Criterion. I know that it is much easier to criticise a public banquet than to arrange one. Still, I want to express a widespread disappointment in regard to the inability of hearing what Mr. de Morgan and that admirable chairman, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, said. This was due to the faulty acoustics of the room, which Mr. Garvice alone succeeded in overcoming. Except in the *Telegraph*, I could find no report of the speeches in the Press, and the *Telegraph's* report was quite inadequate. The custom of sending dining-tickets to pressmen ought to be abolished unless there is a distinct understanding that a proper account will appear in the paper. The fault does not lie with the reporters, but with the news-editors, who make a sort of principle of not knowing what will interest their readers. Even political banquets are often omitted (though this is partly due to the early hours at which newspapers go to press, in order to get into the provinces synchronously with their Harmsworth rivals.) Then the compliment paid by the Authors' Society to Mr. de Morgan was largely discounted by coupling his name with Mr. E. H. Pember, K.C., whose literary fame is confined to that of being the founder of the Academic Committee of Literature. He may be, for all I know, one of the greatest poets of our time and the poetic analogue for the position of Mr. de Morgan in the other melody of prose. But his poems are unobtainable, being printed for private circulation only. I suggest that the "Academy" uses some of the funds now under its control for issuing Mr. Pember's poems—on commission. Our bay-leaves are waiting to crown him. Though I think the supper has, by a *hysteron-proteron*, preceded the song—at least, so far as the Authors' Society is concerned.

Feminine Influence

I sympathise entirely with Mrs. Humphry Ward's protest in regard to the constitution of the new Academy of Literature, and if she will bring up the subject at the next Authors' general meeting, I beg to offer a mouse's assistance for what it is worth, and can promise her a great deal more powerful support. In the Republic of letters there should be no recognition or differentiation of sex. Let me hasten to say that the question has nothing whatever to do with the Suffrage question. Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser were members of the Royal Academy of Arts. Should, however, the successors of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Christine Rossetti, George Eliot, Elisabeth Barrett, Mrs. Gaskell, and Jane Austen be studiously ignored by official and semi-official literary academies, "the question" must inevitably become polemical. I shall descend from the fence and espouse a grievance. Mr. Edward Thomas has just published, at an appropriate moment. *Feminine Influence on the Poets* (Martin Secker: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The most charming chapter is the sixth, on the mothers of poets, in which he pleasantly recalls those gracious personalities which appear, though rather vaguely, in the works of their eminent sons. Old Mrs. Pope is the most vivid and attractive, though Mrs. Cowper is better known. When Mr. Edward Thomas is talking of women's influence on Greek and Latin poets he is on rather dangerous ground. He hardly emphasises the fact that Euripides was an "innovator" and almost the first "feminist" in Greek poetry. Nor do I comprehend what he means by saying, of women's influence, "It must have been larger in Greece and Rome, where men, no matter how superior, were YET born of women and trained by women." "YET" sounds distinctly odd. There is no record, so far as my limited knowledge goes, of men being born except by the co-operation of women. If by "yet" he means "notwithstanding," why should the influence have been larger then than now? Notoriously, it was nothing of the kind, and the circumstances of birth are among the few things that never alter. Notwithstanding, Mr. Edward Thomas has written a delightful book, which shows wide reading, and proves him an acute, sympathetic, and suggestive critic.

Embroidery

One of the arts in which women of all ages are allowed to have excelled is that of embroidering. A good deal of attention has recently been given to the superb examples of mediæval English work, once famous in Europe and known as *opus anglicanum*, of which there was an exhibition held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club a few years ago. A sumptuous catalogue was issued—rather beyond the purses of ordinary people. Nearly all the mediæval work remaining is, however, ecclesiastical. Mr. Jourdain has confined his book, as the title indicates, to *English Secular Embroidery* (Kegan Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), and he notes that the subject cannot be

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treated in any detail before the Tudor period from lack of material. From Tudor times he carries us right down to the samplers of the beginning of the last century. The illustrations are excellent. Mr. Jourdain does not limit himself to dry technical discussions; his pages are "embroidered" with delightful gossip and literary allusions. I am sorry to see he knocks on the head the old legend about the "Little Gidding" sisters, on the authority of Mr. Cyril Davenport. Admirers of *John Inglesant* will remember the attractive picture Shorthouse has drawn of the pious sisters and their director, Nicholas Ferrar. Among the most adroit of modern artists who follow the old seventeenth-century traditions of decorative and pictorial embroidery are Lady Cory and her sister, Lady Carew. In these days, when we are told everything is going downhill, it is cheering to find at least one art that has not declined. Lady Cory and her sister could challenge, by needle, any of their ancestors.

"The Book of Sirens"

A fascinating medley of essays, stories, and verses, entitled, *The Book of Sirens* (Greening and Co.: 2s. 6d.), has been sent me by the author. Mr. Rathmell Wilson is better known as a reciter and an actor. Those who have enjoyed hearing him recite will have special pleasure in reading some delightful vivid sketches; for you can almost hear his fine voice as you read them. If you have never heard him recite or seen him act, you will want to, after *The Book of Sirens*. Mr. Rathmell Wilson, however, must not use the diminutive, "storyette," for his little prose poems. It is a detestable word. Keats, I admit, uses *cloudlet*, however, and that is quite as bad.

"La Crise Anglaise"

As the General Election is in full cry, I advise those who can read French to obtain *La Crise Anglaise*, by M. Philippe Millet, the brilliant London correspondent of *Le Temps*. The book is published by Armand Colin at 3 francs 50 centimes. Very seldom is a Frenchman able to master the complications of English politics. M. Mille, who is a cousin of Mr. Belloc, has not only mastered his subject, but he has given a witty and accurate account of the last General Election seen through a foreigner's eyes. He is impartial, and I believe politicians on both sides will learn a great deal from him. Many candidates for Parliament will envy his knowledge of such vexed themes as Fiscal Reform. Tabulated figures and statistics do not daunt M. Millet. I wish some of our native electioneering literature was as stimulating or made for such good general reading by the unpolitical public. The existence of such a book is an earnest of the reality of our alliance with the French. Until recently, while we were deeply interested in all things French, our neighbours hardly reciprocated the compliment. Neither our literature nor our politics possessed any interest for them. They made it almost a point of honour to be wrong about our names and our customs. Victor Hugo died thinking that Tom Jimjack was a likely name for an English nobleman and that the Firth of Forth was properly rendered by *Le Premier de la Quatrième* into French language.

ROBERT ROSS.

"The Land of His Fathers"

Imagine a young Canadian millionaire who comes to England and suddenly realises that every man has work to do in the world. That is the keynote of *The Land of His Fathers*, by A. J. Dawson (Constable and Co., Ltd.: 6s.). Harry Ayres's solution of the problem is to furnish homes and a camp for the submerged tenth, rightly holding that, while the elderly must be supported, the nation will best benefit by the proper education of the young. He does things with a lavish hand, supported by a gentleman who had "gone under," but whom he rescued. There is much in the book to make one think, even though one may not entirely agree with the Conservative-Socialism which the hero professes. Harry Ayres seems to be most comprehensive in the distribution of his inherited wealth, and ultimately, of course, his career culminates in marriage—with an outcast—and a seat at St. Stephen's. The book is a philosophic pill, but neatly gilded.

Photograph **A Case for the Greek N.S.P.C.A.: A Dog-Carrier in Athens** *E. Le B. Martin*

It is, apparently, the fashion in the capital of Greece to treat the friend of man much as one would a puma or a jaguar. The poor brutes are for sale, but he would be a brave man who would buy the unfortunate maddened wretches

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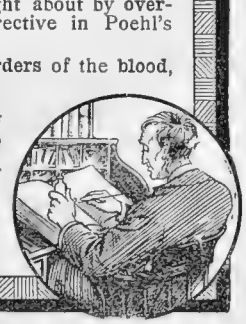

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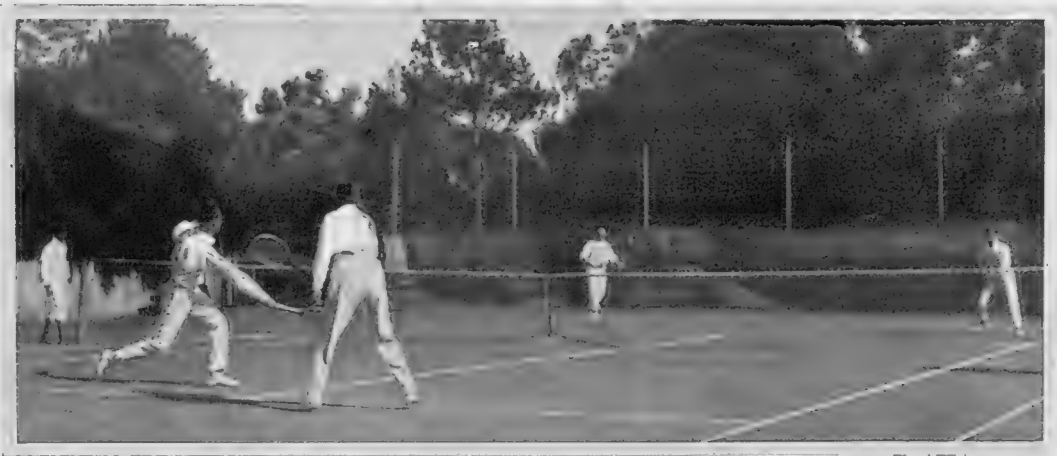

Photograph] **The Drive Lawn Tennis Team in South Africa : A Match at Port Elizabeth** *[Barratt*

The members of the Drive Club started their tour in South Africa very successfully, beating the Western Province team at Cape Town and the local team at Port Elizabeth. Our illustration shows A. Wallis Myers and C. P. Dixon (in the foreground) playing the Grahamstown pair, A. and S. Barrett. Myers, on the left, is in the act of making a forehand volley

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The County Championship

By their victory over Kent on Wednesday last the Midland Counties have made good their position at the head of the South-Eastern Group in the County Championship Competition. No one grudges them their success. It has been worked for hard, and it is thoroughly well deserved. County Championship football, so far, at any rate, as the qualifying or "group" competition in the South is concerned, means mid-week football, and, as everybody knows, it is never so easy to raise a team for a mid-week match—be it a club match, a county match, or any other sort of match—as it is for a "week-ender." The fact that the Midland Counties have not only men good enough, but also good men enough among those who are able and willing to give up their time to these mid-week engagements to win every one of them—five in all—speaks volumes for the prowess and *esprit de corps* of footballers in the Midlands. They have now won the right to play the South-Western Group-winners for the Championship of the South, and the winners of this encounter will play the winners in the Northern Division for the County Championship of England. I hope they will go on as they have begun; it will only be their due as a keen, sporting crowd.

An Objection

But, having said this, I am compelled to raise an objection. Supposing they win, what is the significance of their victory? The County Championship Competition is, or ought to be, a competition for first place among the counties of England. Accordingly I put my proposition in the form of a puzzle: If the Midlands win the County Championship, which is the champion county? Of course, we know that in order to "even up" matters—as the Americans say—several counties have been lumped together, and play as one county under the title of "the Midland Counties"; several more, in the same way, are lumped together and styled "the East Midlands"; and there is yet another conglomeration of counties which plays as "the Eastern Counties." These three composite coagulations make up, with Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, the six "counties" in the South-Eastern Group. There are no such so-called counties in the South-Western Group of the Southern Division, which comprises Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, and Cornwall, or in the Northern Division, which comprises Yorkshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland. Only in the South-Eastern Group of the Southern Division is the composite county principle adopted, and in that there are no fewer than three. It is done (as I have already explained in other words) to give the minor and (from a football point of view) less populous counties a chance. But is it fair? And is it, for the matter of that, satisfactory or *real?* Is it fair to Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, *as counties*, that they should have to play, in a County Championship Competition, the combined strength of several counties? Is it fair, on the other hand, to—let us say—Leicestershire, that, although quite able to hold her own *on* her own, she should be compelled to lose her individuality by being merged in the Midland Counties? And what reality can there be in a County Championship from which a county, which might otherwise have won it, can be ousted by the combined talent of several counties?

Photo] **County Hockey : Kent Score a Goal Against Berkshire** *[Dixon*

At Beckenham last Wednesday, Kent, who are a very strong side this season, beat Berkshire by seven goals to one. Our napshot shows how one of the seven was scored after the Berks goalkeeper had run out to save

GOLF.

Year-End Reflections

The end of the year is drawing very close, and the moment has come for taking stock of the position in golfing affairs. The past year will be chiefly remembered as marking a definite departure on the part of the ruling body. For many years the reproach against St. Andrews was its policy of *laissez-faire*, which did not suit the more active reformers. They complained that St. Andrews adopted a lofty and unapproachable attitude, and moved in a remote atmosphere like the Gods of the mythological world. For good or evil this state of affairs has departed, and a policy of active interference has replaced the earlier manner. For the first time in the history of the game certain clubs of novel and unaccustomed shape have been definitely barred. My views on this subject, which I have expressed on more than one occasion, have not changed. I still think there was no necessity for the legislation which has been put into the code, and I very much fear that a dangerous precedent has been created which may some day lead us into difficult and unexpected situations. But as the club has passed these barring definitions, we must loyally accept them, and trust that no evil may result.

The Standard Ball Chimera

It may be hoped that the visionary agitation for standardising the ball, which I dealt with in a recent article, may die of inanition. The more the idea is examined the less practicable does it appear. Unless players are prepared to go back to the solid ball and to allow one central authority to issue all balls that may be played with, I do not see how a standard ball can become a matter of practical politics in golf. Even the most ardent reactionary would shrink from legislation which would condemn him to resume playing with the gutty ball alone. But, as I say, I see no likelihood of the modern golfer submitting to such a Spartan ordeal. So far as one can humanly foresee, the rubber-cored ball has come to stay until some substitute equally good, but much less expensive, shall have been invented to oust it from its pride of place.

International Changes

There has been a distinct move in the matter of the international matches, whether amateur or professional. The former will probably be played next year by foursomes, while the latter is to be abandoned in favour of a match between amateurs and professionals. Both these international matches have fallen out of favour, and it may be hoped that they will never be allowed to resume their original shape. Whether in their new form they will find more favour remains to be seen. The proposal of the St. George's Club, at any rate, has my hearty support as being a move in the direction of an annual Gentlemen *v.* Players match, which I have for many years advocated. ERNEST LEHMANN.

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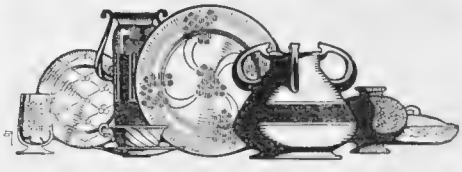

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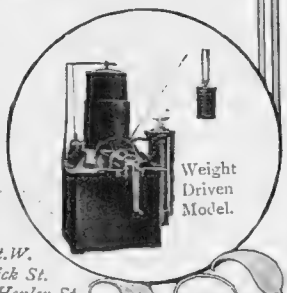

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There is much here that we have seen and commented upon already at Kensington. With so many of the best Continental cars doing business on our market through British concessionnaires, that was to be expected. Of our own manufacturers, Rolls-Royce are showing, and Daimlers and Austins; while outside the Vauxhall Company have a demonstration car in the hands of their Paris agent, M. Paul Meyan, at 6, Rue Philibert-Delorme. And it is neither insular prejudice nor perverted patriotism to say that in this, the classic home of the automobile, British products can challenge comparison and win. Regarded quite coldly and critically, there are only a few Continental cars that can even equal our own.

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The Atlas inner case should materially assist the motorist to arrive at a state of peace. Tyre improvements, the assistance of spare wheels, and rims, and the like have, to some extent, palliated the misery of punctures. But sufficient misery remains to cause us to hail gladly, and consider carefully, any device designed to draw the fangs of tyre enemies on the road. The Atlas inner case is one such —an ingenious method of protecting the tube and supporting the cover. It is, as its name implies, a casing which surrounds the tube. What we will call the tread of this casing is entirely novel. It is built up of three layers of rubber upon the usual foundation of fabric. Imbedded in each of these layers are small, light steel discs about the size of three-penny pieces, but much thinner. Each layer of steel discs is superimposed (in its own rubber strata, so to say) so as to make up a completely impenetrable armour through which it is impossible for any puncture agent to drive. Covering the top layer of rubber and discs are again three layers of close-woven fabric.

Economy of Money, Time, and Temper

It is important to remember that the steel discs do not touch each other edgewise or any other way. If they did—friction. Each is separated at surface and edge by rubber. Another important point is that, by some patent method of treatment, the discs are united to the rubber, so that after vulcanisation, rubber and discs are (unless, of course, the final fabric coating, and the rubber over the discs, are scraped away) inseparably welded. The result is an entirely pliable, puncture-proof tread. The fabric extends, of course, to cover the sides of the tube and support the walls of the tyre. Fitting presents no difficulty. The tube, slightly inflated, is placed within the inner case, and both are then comfortably inserted within the cover. Creeping is impossible; resiliency is practically unaffected. The support given to the cover must ensure a considerably longer life, fractures in the cover are bridged, and the tread is impervious to puncture. The cost of the inner case is about one-half that of a cover, but it will, of course, outlast many covers, and should at least return its value and more in the longer running life of each tyre. 124, High Street, Kensington, London, W., is the address.

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Some More Christmas Books

For the benefit of those who favour books for Christmas gifts to their friends, I am making this week a further selection of suitable volumes. As fine an edition of fairy-tales as it has ever been my lot to see is that published by Mess s. Hodder and Stoughton at 15*s.* net. It consists of *The Sleeping Beauty* and other fairy-tales from the French, retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac. These illustrations are delicious. Look for a moment at that picture of the Sleeping Princess which faces page 14; and, again, what life is portrayed in the one of Fatima (opposite page 38). The rest of the paintings are equally attractive. The volume is magnificently bound. It will be remembered that the same publishers are responsible for similarly got-up editions of *Hamlet* and of *The Merchant of Venice*, published last year.

Some Novels

Good novels are always welcomed by the recipient, and there a e several that I can warmly recommend. Warwick Deeping has given us a delightful romance in *The Lame Englishman* (Cassell: 6*s.*). It is written round a chapter of history of which the average man has but little knowledge, viz., Garibaldi and his fight for Rome. Another novel by the same author, first published about two years ago, appeals to me strongly. It is *The Red Saint* (Cassell: 6*s.*), and I recommend it to those in search of a stirring mediæval romance with plenty of love interest. *Jemmy Abercraw* (Methuen: 6*s.*) is a charming story of a gentleman highwayman by Bernard Capes, whose name as a writer of fine romance is firmly established. Then there are Maurice Hewlett's latest novel, *Rest Harrow* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), and *The Hyena of Kalloo*, by Louise Gerard (Methuen: 6*s.*), both novels that should not be missed.

"The Goblin Gobblers"

A very attractive book for children is *The Goblin Gobblers*, by J. H. Lockyer Sherratt (Frederick Warne). It is profusely illustrated in colour and in black and white by Chas. E. Crombie. It is a book that should make many young friends, and it is dedicated, by the gracious permission of T.S.H. the Duke and Duchess of Teck, to their four children. *Field Babies* (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton) is one of those volumes of delightfully humorous drawings by Cecil Aldin depicting the adventures of a terrier. Other volumes that I would recommend for young people are *For Home Service and Other Stories* (Pitman: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), with illustrations; *The Flowers of Fairyland*, by Edith King-Hall (Treherne: 3*s.* 6*d.*), with six charming illustrations in colour by Alice B. Woodward; and *Fairies I Have Met*, a really original little volume written by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell and illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac (3*s.* 6*d.* net). A delightfully illustrated volume is *The Witch's Kitchen*, by Gerald Young (Harrap: 5*s.* net). The illustrations are by Willy Pogany, and they are altogether charming. No better gift-book for a child could be imagined, but adults will also revel in the many artistic pictures, of which a few are in colour.

Raphael Tuck's Christmas Cards

The Christmas cards and calendars emanating from this famous house this year are more wonderful than ever. The ingenuity shown in producing somethin original and artistic is quite marvellous. They say th there is nothing new under the sun, but surely this do not apply to the Christmas-card designs of Messrs. Rapha Tuck and Sons. From the least expensive card to t most costly the same originality and daintiness are to l found in their production.

FRANK
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"OXFORD"
MARMALADE
(As supplied to Royalty, Houses of Parliament, Officers' Messes, etc.)
Delightful in Flavour. Perfectly Pure.
THE BEST is the CHEAPEST.
SAMPLE JAR FREE on receipt of three stamps for postage from FRANK COOPER, OXFORD.
FRANK COOPER'S FRUIT SALAD.
DELICIOUS AND DELIGHTFUL IN FLAVOUR.
A great boon and saving to families. Can also be used as a foundation for Salads with any Fruits in Season.
OF ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES & GROCERS.

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FAST TRAINS FROM
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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

CANNES, NICE, MONTE CARLO, Etc.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, *vid* FOLKESTONE and CALAIS, 1st Class, £9 12s. 0d., 2nd Class £6 12s. 0d., will be issued, leaving CHARING CROSS STATION at 1.0 p.m. on DECEMBER 23. Returning any day up to JANUARY 30.

PARIS and Back, *vid* CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 30s. 0d.; BRUSSELS and Back, 19s. 0d.; BOULOGNE and Back, 17s. 10d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.15 midnight, WATERLOO 12.17 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.22 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.28 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.37 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.30 midnight, HOLBORN 12.25 midnight, ST. PAUL'S 12.27 a.m., ELEPHANT AND CASTLE 12.31 a.m., LOUGHBORO' JUNCTION 12.38 a.m., BRIXTON 12.39 a.m., and HERNE HILL 12.45 a.m. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains, at the Week-end Fares, for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Sunday Services will be as usual.

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For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, etc., see Special Train Service Supplement and Holiday Programme.

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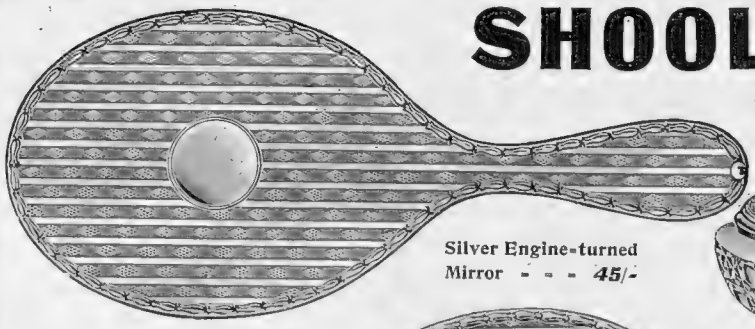

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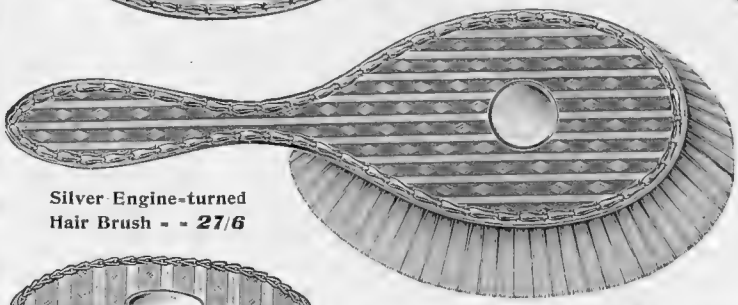

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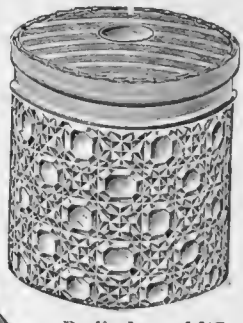
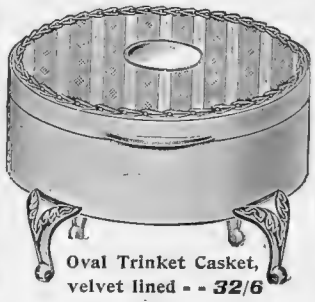
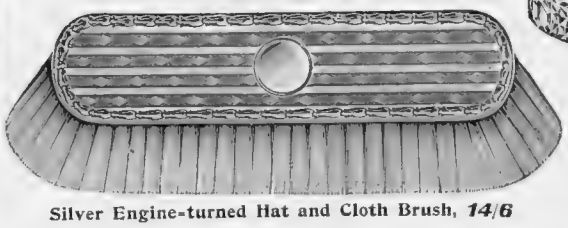


Puff Jar, 14/6
Pomade ditto, 7/6



Oval Trinket Casket, velvet lined - - 32/6



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By MRS. JACK MAY

Seasonable Needs and Christmas Gifts

NEVER was Christmas approached or Christmas shopping pursued under such strange stress and turmoil as obtains this year. At least, that is the point of view of many of us, whereas there are others, women chiefly—I have been about a good deal and seen them—whose placidity is not moved a hair's breadth by the momentous issue at stake. Almost, one wonders sometimes, though, if these are not, perchance, the wisest of us "The good Christians who sit still in easy chairs and damn the general world for standing up." "Why worry," as a serene personage, aged nine, of my intimate acquaintance, remarked the other day on being assured that whether Liberals or Unionists came out top her immediate surroundings and connections would not be disturbed. Truly out of the reasoning of babes and sucklings comes philosophy. Calling at

Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

the other day, with this ame juvenile philosopher, hose delight over the ixies' Cave was good ideed to see, I chanced pon a choice, that I may afely say has never been qualled, of quilted apanese dressing-gowns. ven my small escort ad her attention averted or a moment from the ixies by the considera- on of one of these comfy ressing-gowns, which re procurable for children from two years up o what are known as outsizes. There is, too, such a diversity of colouring and style; a notably good line at 5*s.* 9*d.* has a double-breast front, which is carried quite to the throat, where it finishes with a turn-down collar, and there are cuffs to correspond. In fact, the whole range overflows with practical understanding, and many women will be interested to hear that, in addition to the familiar white lining, there is a self *doublure* and also a contrast. For 27*s.* 6*d.*, a further choice runs to an embroidery device down either front. And with every selection of gowns there are jackets to correspond at proportionate prices. Thus for the first-quoted dressing-wrap the jacket comes out at 14*s.* 9*d.*; while the first price in gowns is 16*s.* 9*d.* and in the jackets 9*s.* 11*d.*, and these carry the decorative insignia of silk bradenburgs. But the whole display is as complete as it is possible to find, and at the extraordinarily low prices only rendered possible by a gigantic purchase these quilted gowns are already proving a strong *pièce de résistance* in the Christmas present list at Shoolbred's.

A Dainty Dressing-Wrap at Shoolbred's

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Goerz Camera

The amateur who needs a light camera that will add little to the weight of his kit, and the advanced worker who requires a portable instrument for pictorial memorandum-taking, will find their requirements met in the Goerz Vest Pocket Tenax. This wonderful little miniature camera can be easily carried in a gentleman's waistcoat pocket or in a lady's handbag, and when not in use it is no encumbrance. The pictures it produces are remarkable for their sharpness and distinctness; though small, they are perfect little gems of photography. The Goerz Vest Pocket Tenax has all those features essential to the hand camera. When folded it lies flat, without projections at the back or front. The camera is neat and handsome in appearance, and is fitted with a focussing dial and focussing screen, and it is suitable for every branch of photography. The Goerz Fago Binocular is distinguished by the same perfection of workmanship as the Goerz Vest Pocket Camera.

Warings' Christmas Present Displays

A visit should certainly be made to the Christmas presents display of Messrs. Warings in Oxford Street. I have just received a copy of a very charming book of gifts which illustrates

a good selection of the more popular presents, and this brochure Messrs. Warings will be happy to send post free to anyone desiring it. Warings provide everything for the complete equipment of the home, and so presents can take the form of something useful or artistic for any room in the home. But, in addition, they have a presents department, and all kinds of charming little gifts will be found there—in short, everything usual and quite a lot that is unusual. The firm direct particular attention at this time of the year to the china and glass, the silver, bronzes, clocks, Oriental and fancy goods departments. Following on their practice for the last year or so Warings have a very fine display of decorated dining-tables in period and many other styles suitable to the season, and doubtless hostesses will take advantage of the opportunity of seeing the latest ideas in artistic table decoration.

A Pretty Blue and White Beaker at Warings

A White Marble Figure, "The Morning Toilet." Price £20 at Warings

A Dainty Ewer of Antique Design. Price 8s. per pair at Warings

A Bottle of "Rose Supreme," the new Zenobia Perfume

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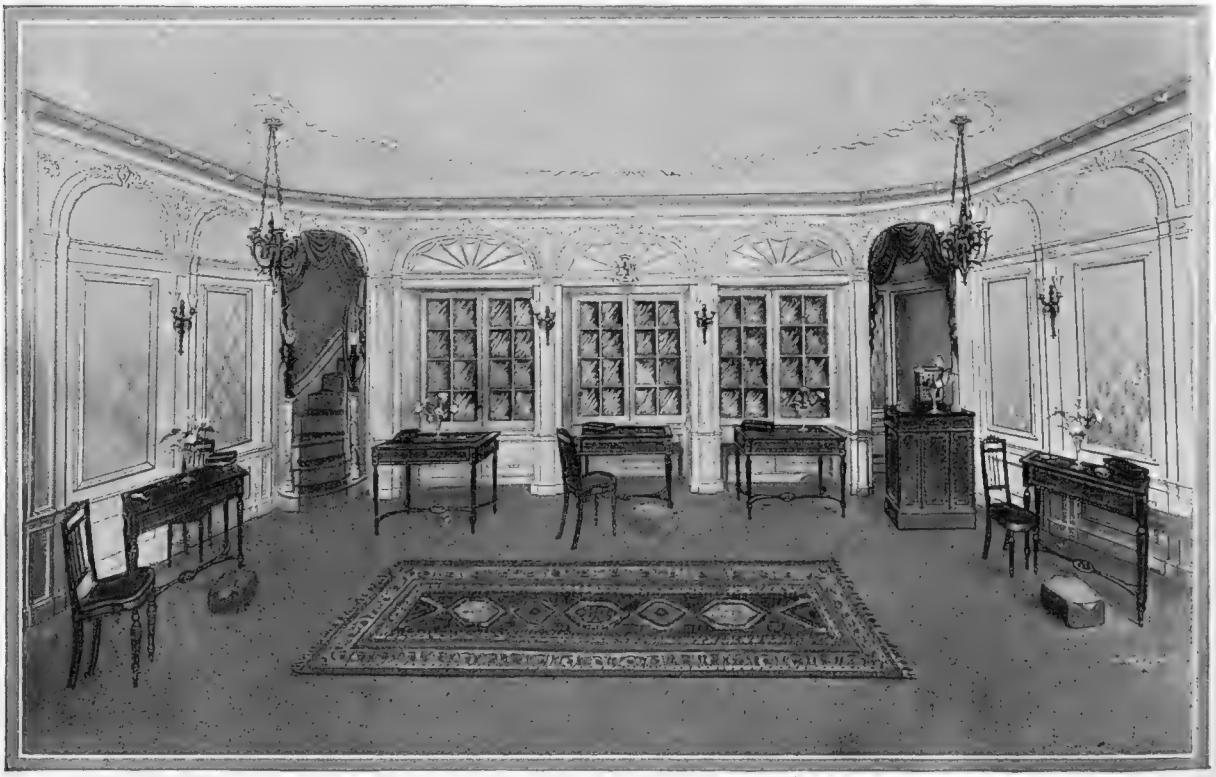
For those seeking a most handsome Christmas present, and one certain to delight the recipient, no happier choice could be made than that of an Angelus Player-Piano. Every home which possesses an Angelus (whether in the cabinet form or embodied in one of the famous Brinsmead, Sir Herbert Marshall, Sons and Rose, Knabe, Winkelmann, or other well-known pianos) may be said to be already richly endowed in a musical sense, for with it you can play all the world's finest music with the most finished taste and with full expression of your own individuality. This extraordinary individuality of rendering which the Angelus bestows is largely due to the unrivalled expression devices, notably the Melodant, Phrasing Lever, and Artistyle. The new Angelus Player-Pianos Art Catalogue may be obtained by writing a line to Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233, Regent Street, London. All who are able to pay a visit to Angelus Hall and see and hear these superb instruments for themselves will find a marvellous selection to choose from. In the truest sense of the word these Pianos are works of art, every part being made and fitted with the most skilful and loving care.

Terisa Gems

To buy reconstructed gems does not by any means signify that one cannot afford the real ones. On the contrary, Terisa gems are bought by the most aristocratic and wealthiest families in existence. They are mounted only with genuine diamonds in settings of the most beautiful workmanship. Only 18-carat gold and platinum are used, and all goods are made and designed by the firm's own artists at their Paris workshop. A point of exceptional interest in the case of Terisa pearls is that

A Zenobia Xmas Card Sachet



Interior of the Terisa Salon in New Bond Street

The style of the interior of the shop is a mixture of Louis XVI. and Adams, with pale blue silk draperies, and the electric fittings are identical copies of those in Marie Antoinette's boudoir at Versailles

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Lounge.
Staircase hall.
Large dining room.
Spacious drawing room.
Photographic dark room.
Ample offices.
Servants' hall.
11 bed and dressing rooms.
2 fitted bathrooms.
Work and boxrooms.

THE DINING ROOM.

ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS IN MIDDLESEX. ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN SLOPE OF A HILL.
COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT PANORAMIC VIEWS.
Inspected and strongly recommended.—Details of Messrs. H. E. FOSTER and CRANFIELD, 6, Poultry, E.C.: or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY,

comprising the above charming old-world Residence, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms and hall, good offices; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachman's cottage; the whole occupying an area of about 4 ACRES.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, DATED 1648.
TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 21 ACRES.

THE ABOVE FINE OLD HOUSE is described in Lyson's "History of Berkshire," and possesses considerable historical interest. It occupies a beautiful situation, conveniently near a well-known BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN, and stands high up, with views extending to about 20 to 30 miles. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and ample offices. The hall is panelled, and there are many interesting features, including recessed fireplace and inglenook in the dining room; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, etc.; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent old timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens and shrubbery, fruit and vegetable gardens and parkland, in all about 21 acres; 2 cottages and farmery, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,698)

A GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.
LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED OR THE FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—The above beautiful old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, dated 1590, and containing some exceptionally fine old panelling. The accommodation includes very large lounge hall, with magnificently carved chimneypiece and wide open fireplace, 4 reception rooms (3 completely panelled), 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, and main drainage; old-world pleasure grounds with lawns, orchard, and meadows, in all about 10 acres.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 1,665)

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QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; practically every modern convenience is installed, including
ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.
First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include
FINE FLOWER GARDENS, LAWNS, LAKE, ETC.
They are divided from the park by a ha-ha fence; model farmery.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (4,516)

STATELY OLD MANSION WITH FROM 50 TO 1,500 ACRES.
ABOUT 2 HOURS FROM TOWN.
FINE OLD DEER PARK. 9-HOLE GOLF COURSE.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, an HISTORICAL RESIDENCE and SPORTING ESTATE of 1,500 acres, including a

picturesque stone-built Mansion, standing about 300ft. above sea level in well-timbered deer park of nearly 100 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, and 35 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 17 horses and motor-house; electric light installed throughout; hunting with 4 good packs; capital shooting.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,369)

CORNWALL. WITHIN A DRIVE OF TAVISTOCK.
WITH GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES OR UP TO 230 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, the above substantial RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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OLD MANOR HOUSE (see view above) on Norfolk and Suffolk Borders, near coast and golf links, with 3 acres of beautiful grounds, walled kitchen garden, lawns, and paddock: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3, motor-house, and outbuildings; 2 miles from station. PRICE, £1,700 ONLY.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,704)

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OF

72 ACRES

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Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

MEDIUM-SIZED

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

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Two Cottages.

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Two miles from a town and station.

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BURY ST. EDMUNDS (4 miles from).—The above genuine old GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and about 100 ACRES for SALE at a reduced price, or would be LET, Unfurnished; grandly timbered surroundings, miniature park; stabling for 7, cottages, farm-buildings; old lawns and pleasure grounds; kitchen and fruit gardens: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms, billiard hall; near station; first-class hunting, shooting, and social district.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,735)

40 MINUTES' RUN FROM TOWN on the G.N. Ry., and about a mile from the Station.—To be SOLD, or would be LET with the Residence Unfurnished, an attractive PROPERTY, in good order, standing high on gravel soil. It comprises about 12 acres, and includes the above Family Residence with 4 sitting rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 7 or 8, and men's rooms; matured shady grounds and well-stocked kitchen garden; 2 golf courses near.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (19,568)

BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and outbuildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station. — Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

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SURREY and SUSSEX BORDERS (near Holmwood).—For SALE at a reduced price, a picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating, nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices; electric light; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,817)

DORKING (1½ miles from), with lovely views of Boxhill.—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, exceptionally charming ELIZABETHAN HOUSE and 18 acres: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 4, motor garage, cottage; beautifully laid-out grounds, tennis courts, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, conservatory, well-stocked orchard; modern drainage; gas and water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,063)

AMONGST THE PINES AND HEATHER.

ON SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS, between Farnham and Hindhead.—To be SOLD, or LET Unfurnished, picturesque RESIDENCE, on the South slope of a hill; carriage drive approach, well away from motor traffic: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; motor garage and man's rooms: 3 acres of charming grounds, terraces, rockery, and ornamental pine plantation; Company's water, modern drainage. Additional land up to 10 acres can be had. 2 miles from golf. Moderate terms.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,010)

BICESTER HUNT (centre of).

JUST OVER ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD AT A MODERATE PRICE, or LET, the above old-fashioned stone-built MANOR HOUSE, containing: BILLIARD and 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, large hall, and offices; stabling, coach or motor-house; good garden, tennis and croquet courts, ornamental lake, in all about 3 ACRES; gravel soil; good water supply and modern drainage; the premises have recently been redecorated.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,592)

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FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

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TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED, OR UNFURNISHED.

SURREY AND SUSSEX (borders).—This very desirable RESIDENCE, in beautifully timbered grounds, 9 acres. It is approached by long carriage drive, and contains: 15 bed, bath, 3 reception, and billiard room.

ELECTRIC LIGHT WOULD BE INSTALLED.

Capital stabling; cottage; farmlands nearly 40 acres; golf 5 minutes. Rough shooting could be rented. MODERATE TERMS FOR IMMEDIATE BUSINESS.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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£900.—**BERKS** (in the lovely district of BRACKNELL and ASCOT).—The above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, WITH LOVELY OLD OAK-BEAMED CEILINGS, and

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1 ACRE.

Hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and offices.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN.

"BEAUFORT HOUSE," SLOUGH.

£825.—Commodious, detached corner RESIDENCE, well built and recently redecorated, containing: 8 bed and dressing, 2 reception and billiard rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3, coachhouse and lofts; small garden, grass plot, several good trees.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as one of the cheapest properties now in the market.

A VERY GREAT BARGAIN.

Commanding lovely views.

£950.—**BATTLE (Sussex).**—An attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre: lounge hall, reception room (28ft. 10in. by 15ft.), 2 other sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, studio; stable and cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HAMPTON HILL.—To LET, for 6 or 12 months, a beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, situate in large well-kept grounds: 7 bed, bath, 3 large reception rooms; electric light, etc.; CLOSE TO GOLF.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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CORNISH RIVIERA.—To LET, for the Winter or longer, extremely comfortable RESIDENCE, surrounded by gardens and grounds, 2 acres;

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SEA VIEWS.

8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; 2 conservatories and greenhouses; close to golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (4,341)

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NEAR EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a picked position, with beautiful views over the surrounding country. Accommodation: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; Company's water; beautiful grounds of about 3 acres; racquet court lighted by electricity and heated.— Box K 4,627, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MANOR HOUSE AND 4½ ACRES.

£1,500, **FREEHOLD.**—To be SOLD, a charming old MANOR HOUSE, 1 mile from Mildenhall Station and 12 miles from Bury St. Edmunds. It is covered with creepers, and contains: a quaint old lounge hall with handsomely carved mantel and beautifully panelled ceiling, dining room, drawing room and conservatory, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; modern drainage; stabling, coach-house, and coachman's cottage; picturesque old grounds with flower garden, croquet lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden, and meadow, in all 4½ acres; golf close.—Box K 1,000, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, **FREEHOLD,** an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Box K 4,761, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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THE HOUSE stands in park and grounds of 36 acres, and contains some fine panelling. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall and dining room, 3 other reception rooms, opening to

THE BROAD PAVED TERRACE AND LOGGIA

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IN THE CENTRE OF THE BICESTER HUNT.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil with South aspect, in pretty grounds of some 3½ acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; modern drainage. Near golf. Shooting could be rented.—Box K 4,870, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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A CHARMINGLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE.—7 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; very pretty grounds, tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., 3 acres; near 3 golf links; London in 35 minutes. Extremely low Rent.—Box H 3,903, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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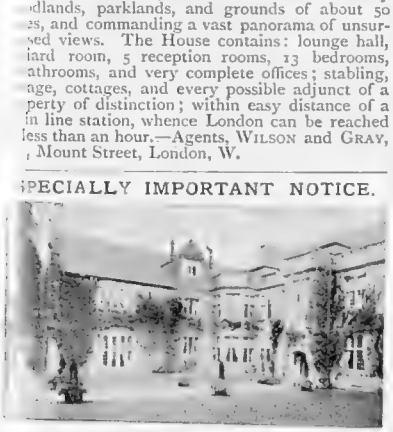

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of about 2 acres, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; S.E. aspect with UNRIVALLED VIEWS; charmingly terraced grounds, with lawn, bowling green, etc.; golf links 3 miles distant; yachting, fishing, hunting, shooting. Rent, only £100 per annum.—Apply, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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SOUTH HANTS (in a first-rate sporting neighbourhood).—For SALE, at a moderate price, a singularly attractive PROPERTY, including the above charming Residence, fitted throughout with all modern improvements, including ELECTRIC LIGHT and HOT-WATER HEATING.

CARRIAGE DRIVE ½ MILE IN LENGTH.

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AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

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2 COTTAGES. AMPLE BUILDINGS.

£4,000 **WILL BE ACCEPTED** for a profit-showing ESTATE, situate in that lovely stretch of country between Guildford and Horsham. The ESTATE is bounded by the fishing and boating River Arun. The perfect old Manor House is in splendid order, wired for electric light, fitted with up-to-date sanitary arrangements, and contains: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; capital gardens. If desired, purchaser could let off the land at a substantial rent, retaining the shooting and fishing rights.—Inspected and recommended by the joint Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and COLLIER, SON and SPARKES, Godalming.

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HERTS, near Bishops Stortford, in a beautiful part of the county.

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FINE OLD XIIITH CENTURY PRIORY.

KENT, in one of the most beautiful parts of the county, 4 miles from the coast.

FOR SALE, an absolutely UNIQUE PROPERTY OF ABOUT 200 ACRES, including a genuine old thirteenth-century Priory, with some beautiful work still in existence, and capable of restoration at a moderate outlay. Low Price.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. FACING SOUTH. ENJOYING FINE VIEWS.

1 mile from one of the prettiest reaches of the Thames.

BUCKS (1 hour from London).—For SALE, at a low price, or would be LET, Furnished,

A BEAUTIFUL OLD TUDOR HOUSE IN A LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

Entrance hall, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, excellent offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3; garage; farmery, lodge; charming gardens, tennis, croquet, and badminton lawns, bowling green, herbaceous borders, walled gardens, and finely timbered park of 200 acres. Would be Sold with 28 acres. Gravel soil.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

Publish the above picture to give the public an idea of the character of the new buildings designed for their Auction Department.

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AND EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES, WITH HYDRAULIC LIFTS, ARE OPEN DAILY TO RECEIVE

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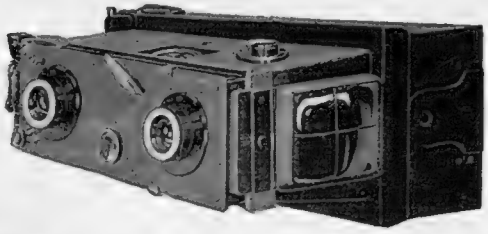

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Superb Colour Plates.

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"Attar of Violets"

PRODUIT SPECIAL DE LA MAISON
MORNY
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An Extract of the Flowers and Leaves of specially cultivated Grasse Violets.

The Concentration of the "Attar of Violets," MORNY, is so great that a few drops only suffice to surround the wearer with the perfect atmosphere of a bunch of fresh Violets.

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WITH SPLENDID PRESENTATION PLATE.

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Size, 30" x 17".

The Best Shillingsworth. LARGER THAN EVER.
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THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR SHOOTING, GOLFING, COUNTRY, TRAVELLING, AND SPORTING GARMENTS.

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COATS & SKIRTS specially designed for "THE WINTER SPORTS," also for Country and Travelling wear, in Smart and Serviceable Tweeds, FROM 5 GUINEAS.

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A comfortable and useful Coat, made to button to the neck with Prussian collar, in Cheviots, Covert Coatings, etc., and also in the famous "Durwarine," rainproof without rubber.

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An invaluable Coat for Travelling, Railway, and Steamer wear.

Coats sent on Approval on receipt of deposit or London reference.

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THE RESTAURANT

Luncheons and Dinners à la Carte.

TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON - - 5/-
" DINNERS from 7/6
" SUPPER - - - 5/-

A great variety of dishes is offered for selection.

AN EXCELLENT NEW ORCHESTRA PLAYS AT ALL MEALS

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(Entrance in Piccadilly).

Luncheons and Dinners à la Carte.

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Afternoon Tea is served in both the Restaurant and Grill Room Lounges.

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PHAT PHEET

Daniel Neal & Sons, Limited

Specialists in Shoeing Children.

By Royal Appointment

Monsieur Terisa begs to inform his clients that his new Illustrated Brochure is now ready, and he will have pleasure in sending same on ——request.——

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Pearls Mounted with Genuine Diamonds are the most appreciatea of Christmas Gifts.

Terisa Pearls have the identical lustre, delicate tone, texture and durability of genuine Oriental ——Pearls.——

No. 5.—The beautiful Collar we show here is a speciality of ours, and makes an ideal Christmas Gift. The price is only 6 guineas, with 18-carat gold clasp. With a clasp as illustrated, with Terisa emerald, ruby, or sapphire, and two fine white genuine diamonds, 4 guineas extra. This is an identical copy of a genuine pearl collar, and can be worn without any fear whatever of detection.

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Only Address—
8, NEW BOND ST., W.
(Opposite Cartier's),
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Look at your Shoes!

Are they polished to your satisfaction?

The best polishes for all

BOOTS & SHOES

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'MELTONIAN' BOOT POLISHES

As used in the Royal Household.

They preserve the leather, they produce a quick and brilliant polish, and are waterproof.

Sold Everywhere.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send penny stamp for free samples of "Meltonian" Boot Paste and "Meltonian" Furniture Polish with booklet describing our other preparations.

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WHICH ARE YOUR FAVOURITE FLOWERS?

The Proprietors of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

OFFER A

Cheque for £50

to the competitor who names, in their order of merit, the eight British flowers which are the favourites of the majority of the competitors (see below). Or in the event of no one placing them all in the correct order, to the competitor who so places the greatest number consecutively from No. 1.

INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

1. Write on a sheet of paper, with your name and address at the top, the names of your eight favourite British flowers in their order of merit (see below).
2. Post this, accompanied by an outside wrapper of a 4d. tablet of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap (sold everywhere) addressed "Flowers," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66/68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., and to arrive not later than December 31, 1910.
3. Competitors may send as many lists as they like, provided each is accompanied by a wrapper of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap, as above, but anyone sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified.
4. No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Advertising Manager will be final. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail*, on Feb. 14, 1911.

ORDER OF MERIT AND HOW THE PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED.

At the close of the competition the total number of votes recorded for each flower will be ascertained, and the eight with the highest numbers of votes will be placed in order of merit; the competitor whose list agrees with all, or with the greatest number (reckoned consecutively from No. 1), of the names and order of merit on the list thus obtained, will be awarded the prize.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Smoking Mixture.

MILD and MEDIUM.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

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The Greatest Treat of all!

Brushing one's teeth with Calox is surely the most delightful feature of one's toilet. . . . . Just try it.

In use, Calox Tooth Powder liberates a rich supply of cleansing, purifying, life-giving Oxygen which, besides removing every trace of tartar and discolouration of the teeth, sweetens and invigorates all the tissues and deodorises the breath.

Calox prevents decay, arrests it when started, and tones up the entire oral cavity. Once you try this Calox you will never revert to old-fashioned kinds.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Calox Tooth Powder is sold everywhere in attractive "non-wasting metal boxes at 1/1½, but to encourage readers to give Calox a Trial, we will send a Sample, together with a useful little Book, quite Free. Simply send address on a postcard, and mention this paper.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

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Ladies who wish to obtain blouses and veilings of exclusive patterns, should visit Madame Sanger's showrooms at 36, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where they will find an unequalled stock of these articles at prices which are no more than those charged at the "popular" drapers. Madame Sanger's stock of veilings is the largest in London.

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THE TRUE SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS.

CHARMING XMAS PRESENTS.

NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK

Identical with the fragrance of the flowers.

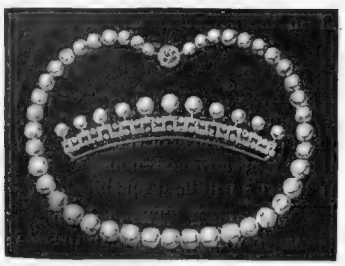
2/6, 3/6, 5/-, and 10/6 per bottle.

Sold by Leading Chemists, Perfumers, & Stores.

ZENOBIA TOILET SOAP, 1/-, 1/6, and 3/- per box.
ZENOBIA SACHETS - - - 6d. and 1s. each.
ZENOBIA TOILET POWDER - 1/- and 2/6 per box.

A BIJOU SAMPLE BOX, containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet, sent post free for 3d. stamps, mentioning "The Bystander."

W. F. CHARLES, ZENOBIA LABORATORIES, LOUGHBOROUGH.



These unique reproductions, made from the Real Pearl, secure unanimous praise for their remarkable beauty and lustre.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION

If possible, these reproductions should be inspected when the value offered will be apparent. If not convenient to call, write for catalogue and mention this paper.

MACMICHAEL,

48, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

KEEP YOUR "GOOD LOOKS"

Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily, as directed. Pomeroy Skin Food cleanses, softens, and feeds the Skin. It gives tone to the Complexion, charms away wrinkles, rounds out the contours, and is, in fact, the greatest, surest aid to the preservation and enhancement of "good looks" yet discovered.

Pomeroy

SKIN FOOD.

Price 1/6, 3/6, & 5/- a jar. Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, or direct from

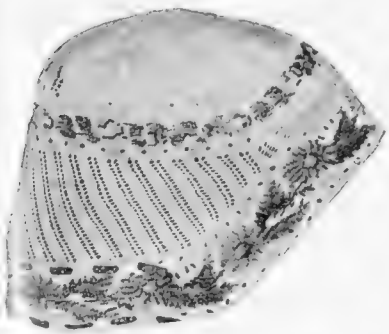
Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.,
29 J, Old Bond St., LONDON, W.

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES: Liverpool, 27, Lecce St.; Birmingham, 75, New St.; Glasgow, 281, Sauchiehall St.; Dublin, 67, Grafton St.; Sheffield, 4, Market Place Buildings; Manchester, 10, St. Ann's Square.

TRIAL OFFER

On receipt of 3d. stamps Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., will send, post free, a small trial jar of "SKIN FOOD" and one Pomeroy Shampoo Powder.

they undoubtedly score over the genuine pearl in that, in order to retain its beautiful colour, the latter has to be worn occasionally next to the skin. Terisa pearls, however worn, never lose their fine lustre. The firm are daily mixing their pearls with genuine pearl collars, and even experts are deceived. Terisa rubies are always of the finest pigeon-blood colour. In conclusion let me say that this is the only firm in existence to hold a Royal appointment. If only out of curiosity, our readers should visit Terisa's *salons* in New Bond Street. There is no obligation to purchase. Visitors are received with the greatest courtesy, and can admire at their leisure copies of the most beautiful and rare gems that the world has ever produced. Originality of



A Quaint Knitted Cap and a Stomacher of the Elizabethan Period at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

design is their characteristic. Another point appreciated by visitors is that each article is marked in plain figures.

Exhibition of Antiques at Debenham and Freebody's

In these days those of us who are not gardeners are collectors. Sometimes we are both. At the Christmas gift-giving hour the collector is really quite a satisfactory person to deal with; one goes straight for his or her own particular *penchant* without encountering the bugbear of indefinite decision. And nowhere is there a better understanding of antiques, nor a more exhaustive selection than at Debenham and Freebody's. Perhaps there is nothing that more seriously emphasises the high tone at Wigmore Street than this steadily maintained collection of antiques.

As it is wholly impossible to treat exhaustively of these treasures in the small space at command, it must suffice to draw attention to the exquisite examples of beadwork, needlework, pictures, and embroideries. In addition to a unique display of bead bags and purses with mounts of old pinchbeck or steel there are such curiosities as that quaint knitted cap, in the composition of which sampler beads provide an interesting feature. A design of roses and daisies is worked out in realistic colourings, while another specimen boasts a crown of fine white beads and double border.

The stomacher depicted is essentially of the Elizabethan period, although the workmanship is early Italian, the embroidery in silks and silver thread—the latter mellowed to a delightful hue by age—raised in high relief on yellow velvet.

Both these pieces are destined for collectors' show-cases, but a bag for Prayer Book, wrought with a design of birds and fruit on a ground of silver thread, has a practical value as well as an artistic one, the period being that of Charles I. To those who understand the beauties of the delicate hand-work in connection with needle-wool pictures have an unrivalled treat before them at Wigmore Street.

A Good Safety Razor

A safety razor is a gift to gladden the heart of any man who shaves, and the new Y.S.C. razor should particularly commend itself to the ordinary man, for it requires absolutely no cleansing beyond that entailed by holding it for a few minutes under a tap. Housewives who have suffered (as who has not?) from the cut towels caused by the mere man wiping his safety razor on them should buy him a Y.S.C. for 21*s.* or 31*s.* 6*d.* as a Christmas gift. The Yorkshire Steel Company's address is at 39, Holborn, E.C., from whom a free booklet and card working model can be obtained.

The Y.S.C. Safety Razor Outfit

than in London. The final phase of the problem is, of course, how to obtain that subtle atmosphere of delicate distinction which marks the woman of taste. A delightful and simple solution of this difficulty has been provided by Messrs. Grossmith, the well-known perfumers, who are now issuing combination cases of "Shem-el-Nessim," the Scent of Araby. These contain perfume, soap, dentifrice, face powder, toilet water, hair lotion, brilliantine, sachet, and cachous. Everything, in fact, demanded by the modern woman's toilet, who, following the example of her Continental sister, uses the same perfume for the bath, the hair, the wardrobe, and even for the breath, thus securing a harmony in the toilet otherwise impossible. "Shem-el-Nessim," which has been called an inspiration in perfume, is exactly suited for use in this way,

A Box of "Shem-el-Nessim" Specialities, including Perfume, Powder, Hair Lotion, Soap, Brilliantine, etc.

The Secret of an Ideal Toilet

The secret of an ideal toilet is, perhaps, better understood in Paris being exquisitely fragrant, yet never oppressive. The combination cases make beautiful Christmas

presents, which no lover of rare perfumes should ignore, and the prices are most reasonable for such dainty souvenirs.

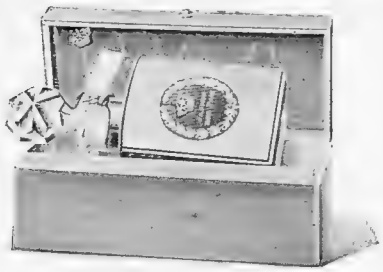
Christmas Cakes and Biscuits

"Better than ever" is an expression apt to become a little wearisome, repeated year after year, but "better than ever" is the simple truth about this year's assortment of Huntley and Palmers Christmas Cakes, and also about the superb variety of Christmas Tins of Biscuits. Of the latter, there is the "Pastimes" Casket, embellished with beautifully coloured panels, illustrative of historic sports and games; the "Venice" Tin, of quaintly artistic pattern, enriched with the gay hues of deep blue waters, bright gondolas, and parti-coloured Venetian masts and many others. As regards the cakes, we have the splendid "Coronation," the "Wellington" the "Nelson," the "Empress," the "Iced Sandringham," and "Violets." The proof of the pudding, remember, is in the eating, so, for the sake of a more than usually festive Yuletide, make a generous selection from Huntley and Palmers most alluring list.

Some Dainty Designs in Caskets, containing Huntley and Palmers Biscuits

The Lavender Cure

Although Christmas festivities nowadays take a different form from the Christmas jollity of years ago, the festive season is still a very strenuous time for the ordinary woman who finds her engagement-book exceedingly congested with all sorts of additional functions. The feeling of weariness and the tiresome headaches which so often follow a busy Christmas season disappear at once with the help of Crown Lavender Salts, which are pleasantly stimulating, and are quite free from any ingredients which might mean injurious after-effects.



"Jasmin del Pais," the Crown Perfumery Company's Latest Product

One of the Crown Perfumery Company's latest successes is the Jasmin del Pais perfume. It is the favourite perfume of Princess Clementine of Belgium, and is largely used in the Italian Royal family. Jasmin del Pais is obtainable at Harrods', Messrs. Morny Frères, the Army and Navy Stores, and nearly all large West-End establishments. In the same odour are also supplied many toilet requisites, such as Eau de Toilette, Hair Lotion, Brilliantine, Sachets, Soap, and Poudre de Riz.

Christmas Gift Dressings

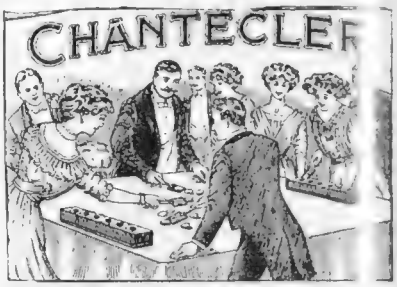
Dennison's are responsible for a number of delightful novelties, such as tags for addressing Christmas gifts, seals for sticking on the backs of Christmas and New Year letters. The tags are really Christmas cards, as each bears a dainty design with a suitable message, and they make charming labels. There is the Santa Claus Tag at *6d.* for six, the gummed address label in books of ten for *6d.*, and the coin card, which is an artistic holder for presenting a gift of money. The card with envelope costs *3d.* The seals, all prettily designed and bearing happy inscriptions, may be had in price from fifty for *4d.* to *1s.* for ten.

The Children's Paradise

The Children's Paradise (*i.e.*, Gamage's Christmas Bazaar) is once more open to all comers, and *what* delights are here set out! Presents of every description, toys for the young, gifts for the grown-up, present a tempting array. What wisdom and forethought must have been requisitioned to make such a display possible. Those who are unable to visit Gamage at home in Holborn will miss a treat, but they need not despair; they can send for the bulky illustrated catalogue and see at a glance exactly what they want. Just these few words from me are sufficient: "Visit Gamage's Bazaar if you *possibly* can; if you can't, send *at once* for their illustrated catalogue."

Sheffield Manufacturing Silversmiths' Association

The Sheffield Manufacturing Silversmiths' Association, of Scarborough, are holding their annual half-price clearance sale of sterling silver, electro-silver, plate, cutlery, jewellery, etc. Here many splendid bargains may be obtained, for the ordinary selling prices have been reduced 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. Any article will be sent carriage paid on approval. The goods are sent at the Association's own risk. But send at once for the illustrated sale catalogue and make your own selection.



Chantecler: The Latest Thing in Table Games at Gamage's

Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher

It is always interesting to lovers of the antique to find a fresh field for their hunting-ground. Passing down Tottenham Court Road the other day I was attracted by the architecture of a fine red brick edifice of the Georgian period. This I found to be the business premises of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, the originators of "Reproducing from Old Models." Being interested in this kind of work, I walked in to take a casual look round, but it ended in my spending quite a long time there, as, apart from the reproductions, which are, indeed, so good that it would be difficult to beat them, they possess a very large stock of antiques at such moderate prices that I wonder why people ever buy modern furniture when the genuine antique can be purchased so cheaply. The illustration represents one of several fine old carved Court cupboards. I would recommend all those interested in old furniture to pay a visit to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, 217 and 218, Tottenham Court Road, where they can stroll round and look at a museum of old things without being importuned to buy.

A Fine Old Carved Court Cupboard at Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's

"Le Petit Verre par Excellence."

GRANDE LIQUEUR NAPOLEON

The Latest and Favourite Liqueur.

8/- Per large bottle. **4/6** Per half bottle.

The New Liqueur Napoleon has been enthusiastically acclaimed the *dernier cri* of epicures. Somewhat similar in style to Green Chartreuse, it possesses a peculiarly subtle flavour of its own that is specially attractive to the taste. It is perfectly clean to the palate and is an excellent digestive either as a fitting end to a fine repast or as a morning nip. Having once tried it, the connoisseur will drink no other.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL THE LEADING WINE MERCHANTS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

When dining out, ask for a "Napoleon" with your coffee.

NICE

The Queen of the Riviera.

19 hrs. from London. 13 hrs. 50 mins. from Paris.

The Winter Resort most renowned for the mildness and equability of its climate and the attractions of its fêtes.

For all information address the Comité d'Intérêt Local, Mairie de Nice.

PINE BATHS AT HOME
AFTER VIOLENT EXERCISE
" LONG JOURNEYS
" WORRYING WORK
" GLOOMY OFFICES
USE
KLENITAS
IN YOUR BATH.
REFRESHING—INVIGORATING

Only a small quantity need be used.
Price—**2/6** per bottle; **30/-** per case of 1 doz. Carriage paid.
To be obtained from all Chemists, Stores, etc., or send cash direct to the Proprietor—
JOHN ASKHAM,
16, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

NICE—Cimiez.

THE WINTER PALACE

Finest Situation at Cimiez.

Highest Class. Most Up-to-date.
Park. Tennis. Orchestra.

JOS. AGID, *Managing Proprietor.*

"Blue Ring."
FINEST
CIGARETTES DE LUXE.

"BLUE RING" Cigarettes cannot be obtained from Tobacconists.
"BLUE RING" Cigarettes are exclusively sold by leading Wine Merchants.
"BLUE RING" Cigarettes (Virginia and Turkish) are quite distinct from the usual advertised Cigarettes.

LIST OF AGENTS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

THE RING CIGARETTE Co., LTD.,
38, WALBROOK, LONDON, E.C.

An Ideal Safety Razor

Any man would be gratified at receiving a Durham-Duplex razor, and would be reminded of the donor each morning as he enjoys a delightfully easy and clean shave. For this razor is certainly one of the best in the market, and, while it is a true razor, it is safe, comfortable, and speedy. The blades are of surpassing and enduring keenness, and last a long time before they need stropping. They are double-edged, hollow-ground, and inexpensive. Indeed, this latter adjective equally applies to the complete outfit, which comprises a silver-plated set and six double-edged blades, in a handsome leather case, for 21*s.*, or in pigskin case 25*s.*, or, again, gold-plated sets may be obtained for 31*s.* 6*d.* But write to the Durham-Duplex Razor Company, 86, Strand, W.C., for their booklet and cardboard model razor.

The Child's Felt Moccasin Slipper and a Box used for Goods Purchased as Gifts at Daniel Neal's

Ever Welcome

What more welcome gift than a box of good cigarettes? One cannot exaggerate the charm of the "Lucana" brands, and the prices are moderate and within the reach of all. Only the finest tobaccos are used by the manufacturers, W. Sandorides and Co., Ltd., of 5, Old Bond Street, W. The "Lucana" Virginia Cigarettes are made from picked leaves of 1905 growth, and are priced at 2*s.* 6*d.* for 50, or 4*s.* 9*d.* per 100. For the same price may be obtained the "Lucana" Turkish, a blend of the choicest tobaccos grown in the district of Bochza. The "Lucana" Egyptian Blend are prepared from a selection of the rarest Dubec. They are packed in cedarwood boxes of 25, 50, and 100, at 1*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, and 6*s.* respectively.

Three Tecla Pearl Scarf-pins Described on this Page

Something Really Fresh and Original for a Christmas Gift

Well known and esteemed as is the firm of Daniel Neal and Sons, of 70, Edgware Road, and elsewhere, it would scarcely have occurred to one to visit this boot and shoe emporium in quest of Christmas presents lacking the necessary knowledge that a speciality obtained there. How welcome, indeed, is anything fresh in the way of a gift, and how doubly welcome when it comes in some such practical form as Messrs. Daniel Neal's moccasin felt slippers for children.

These are faithful replicas of the shoes worn by the Indians, and they are, furthermore, enhanced as a gift by being made up in dainty little boxes, while with each pair is presented a small story-book, written round a baby girl, a faithful old Indian, and moccasins. As is carefully explained, this story is in nowise an advertisement, the firm merely including it as an expression of goodwill.

The little ones, again, are granted special consideration in dress-shoes, two numbers being emphasised, respectively a patent leather pump, built on the comfortable Phat-Pheet lines, and a patent Cromwell, a particularly smart shoe for quite small boys, finished with a buckle.

For adults, the moccasin idea is still further developed, various designs being offered, each one whereof bears some special significance identical with the various tribes of the Red Indians. Everything points to the fact that Messrs. Daniel Neal have spared neither research nor enterprise to produce this Red Man's slipper in its most correct and attractive form. The departure is altogether unique, and deserves to be followed up with all speed.

Exclusive Jewellery

The modern note in jewellery is one of subtlety and elegance. The heavy, old-fashioned, and clumsily designed jewelled ornaments have become repellent to persons of culture and refinement. Among the most consummate creations recently brought to the notice of the world of fashion in Paris and London the Tecla pearls and jewels have won distinction.

The story of the Tecla jewels is a remarkable one. M. Tecla, by the aid of modern science, has been able to reconstruct rubies from particles of real rubies which are fused together at an intense heat in the crucible. The result is that the recreated rubies are of greater magnitude and possess the physical qualities of natural stones.

Following this astounding invention, M. Tecla has produced sapphires and emeralds which have no apparent deviation from the properties of real stones.

The fine bell-shaped pendant we illustrate has a large Tecla emerald in the centre, surrounded by real diamonds, embodying a floral pattern in delicate filigree work, and is a *tour de force* in the later developments of exclusive designs in the jeweller's art. At the Paris *atelier* of M. Tecla trained craftsmen, imbued with theories based on the masterpieces of some of the most renowned periods, are engaged in inventing designs which are unique. They are not repeated, consequently these personal touches, obeying the dictates of the highest art, have won the admiration of competent critics.

A Handsome Pendant Consisting of a Tecla Emerald Surrounded by Real Diamonds

The latest achievement of Professor Tecla is the production of pearls, which are in exact conformity with natural pearls. The peculiar sheen and exquisite lustre of the pearl is present in all Tecla productions, and they have the same weight and hardness as those from the pearl fisheries.

At Tecla's London showrooms, 30, Old Bond Street, there is a constantly varying series of designs in pearl ornaments, jewelled pendants, brooches, lace pins, rings, and other fashionable jewellery.

The three pearl scarf-pins illustrated are typical examples of the dignity and grace of the Tecla settings. The centre pin has a lozenge with dainty bow worked in real diamonds, the right-hand pin being set with a Tecla pearl surrounded by real diamonds and the left-hand one with Tecla rubies and real diamonds.

In regard to exclusive character, the art of Tecla is unsurpassed, and, as a scientific invention, the Tecla gems represent finality.

THE SLIM WOMAN IS WINNING

The day of the slim woman's triumph has arrived. "The thinner one is the more stylish," say the dressmakers.

This would have been sad news for the fat woman a year ago. She would have had to try dieting or exercise. Nowadays, however, the woman who is too fat for the fashions goes to a chemist and gets a bottle of Marmola Prescription Tablets, one of which she takes after each meal and at bedtime and so reduces her superfluous flesh quickly.

These tablets, being made in accordance with the famous prescription, are perfectly harmless, and they are, also, the most economical preparation a person can buy, for they cost only 2/9 a bottle, one of which is frequently enough to start a person to losing fat at the rate of 12 or 14 ounces a day, producing, at the same time, a general improvement in health. Nearly every chemist keeps these tablets in stock, but should you have any difficulty in obtaining them they will be sent post free on receipt of price by The Marmola Co. (Dept. 66 D), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

NOTE.—For those who prefer the liquid preparation, chemists are still dispensing the famous prescription, as follows:—One ounce of fluid Extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., one half-ounce of Marmola, and mix with peppermint water to make six ounces in all. The dose is two teaspoonfuls after each meal.

SPONGES. Buy Direct.—1 large Bath, 2 Toilets, 1 Motor, 1 Pantry, 5 for 3/6; Motor Sponges, 10/6, 18/-, 36/- per doz., 3 samples for 5/6; both parcels 8/6. Illustrated Catalogue free. DIRECT SUPPLY COMPANY, 53B, Victoria Buildings, Manchester.

The Guarantee.
If your Omne Tempus fails to keep out the wet—we will take it back.
Samuel Brothers Ltd.

"OMNE TEMPUS" (Regd.)

Telephone 14351 Central.

THE ONLY RUBBERLESS RAINCOAT WITH A GUARANTEE

WINTER WEIGHT COATS from 45/-

Ready for wear in all sizes and styles, or made to order. Patterns free. Coats sent on approval.

The sole property of the designers of the new Regulation Officers' Waterproof recently sealed by the Army Council:—

Samuel Brothers UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

65/7, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

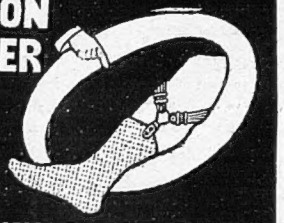
Or from country agents. List of names on request.

TRADE MARK H.W. No. 314135.

Velvet Grip

Regd. Trade Mark No. 304004.

BOSTON GARTER



LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.

COTTON (plain, check or stripe), 1/- pair.
SILK (plain elastic), 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

AUSTIN REED, Ltd., 13, Fenchurch St.; 5, St. Mary Axe; 157a, Cheapside, E.C.

DANYSZ VIRUS is not a Poison, but DESTROYS

RATS & MICE

Harmless to Human Beings, Domestic&other Animals
Single Tube, 2/-; Three Tubes, 5/-
DANYSZ VIRUS, Ltd., Box No. 399,
52, Leadenhall St., London, E.C., and of all Chemists.

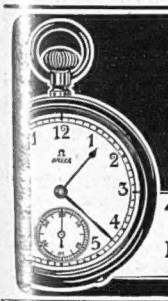
ASTROLOGY

As expounded by "THE OLD ASTROLOGER" is astounding in its accuracy. MERCURY'S letters of appreciation are like his clients, "LEGION." If you have not already proved his skill, lose no more time in sending birth date with 1/- P.O., for a test reading of your horoscope, as he is now adding TWO years' advice for a short time.

PROF. MERCURY, B.D.
LLANDAFF, GLAMORGAN.

Wolsey

THE UNDERWEAR that fits, and feels, and wears as only the best pure wool underwear can. If Wolsey ever shrinks it will be REPLACED FREE OF COST



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The Watch of matchless merit

Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers

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HEAD OFFICE. MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
In constant use for the past 120 years.
The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of
BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.
COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary.
"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.

Price 4/- per bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
Paris: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman Street.

LUNTIN MIXTURE

LUNTIN MIXTURE
by reason of its distinctive delicacy, fragrance, and flavour, will be your constant companion after the first pipeful.
BLENDED FROM MANY KINDS OF CHOICE TOBACCO.
In three strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full.
1 oz. packets, 6½d.; 2 oz. packets, 1/1; ¼ lb. tins, 2/2
Of all good tobacconists, or send stamps for desired amount to
Sole Manufacturers:
Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.

Something New in Christmas Cards

Before purchasing your Christmas cards ask your chemist or stationer to show you (or obtain for you if he does not stock them) a specimen of the Zenobia Christmas greeting card sachets and calendar sachets. They take the form of an attractive Christmas card, enfolding like the covers of a book a dainty scent sachet in silk or antique paper, according to price and design, the cards costing from *2d.* to *2s. 6d.* each. These sachets are perfumed with twelve varieties of the celebrated Zenobia Flower Perfumes, and communicate their exquisite fragrance to all articles with which they are placed. An ordinary Christmas card is admired for the moment, laid aside and forgotten ; a Zenobia Christmas greeting card sachet is treasured for its delightful fragrance, and is kept as a lasting souvenir of the giver. Then, again, there is an uncommon fascination about the Zenobia Perfumes, the newest of which is the delightful "Rose Supreme." Any woman cannot fail to be pleased with a present of these perfumes, of which the "Sweet Pea" is my own favourite. Zenobia Toilet Soaps are also delightful, and have a fragrance as true to nature as I have ever encountered.

Messrs. W. A. S. Benson, 82-83, New Bond Street

As is their custom, Messrs. Benson have brought out a special Christmas list of their goods, which they regard as suitable to gifts. This booklet is particularly nicely got-up in a cloth-bound cover, and will include every conceivable form of article for table-ware, together with various other articles of household interest. A ware at present finding special favour with this old-established house is "Orichalcum," which, loosely translated, means "Mountain Copper." With a fine colour it combines exceptional durability, and was known in the Middle Ages under the title of "Latoun." For such articles as coffee-pots, table-heaters, and the like, "Orichalcum" is not to be surpassed, while the price is the same as that attached to ordinary copper metal. The offerings provided by these specialists are held in the highest esteem by proud housewives, who have a heart-whole appreciation for such practical productions which lend themselves to easy cleansing operations, and invariably do credit to the domestic ruling in presenting a burnished appearance.

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street

are once again making a gigantic display of handkerchiefs, that admirable stand-by Christmas offering. All qualities and prices of *mouchoir* are to be found in the *galère*, from such fantasies as a nursery rhyme handkerchief at *1s. 11d.* the dozen to exquisite hand-embroidered confections trimmed with real lace. Handkerchiefs of shamrock lawn of cobweb filminess run up to *63s.* per dozen, and are procurable as low as *12s. 11d.* For men there is offered a popular line at *11s. 9d.* the dozen. These are of pure linen, and have a hand-worked initial in the corner, while a sheer linen for ladies, with a narrow drawn-thread hem, the hand-worked initial enclosed within a daintily embroidered circle, comes out at *10s. 6d.* the dozen.

To enable all their clients to participate in this handkerchief opportunity, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have issued a list, which they will be pleased to send with samples on receipt of a postcard addressed to Donegal House, Belfast.

Silent Clocks

While there can be no doubt but that in a few years everyone will have an electrically controlled system of household clocks, yet it is worth while taking care that one is supplied with the *best* system. The Silent Electric Clock Company, of 192, Goswell Road, E.C., are the sole manufacturers of the "silent" clocks invented and patented by Mr. G. B. Bowell. In these dials there are none of the old-fashioned type "click and ratchet" electric movements, and they consequently have no appreciable wear and tear, and will outlast any requirements. What more original present than one or more of these ?

The Menu : THE SERVING OF OYSTERS

Oyster Baskets à la Hartington

Scoop out the interiors of some smooth tomatoes which have been cut in half, and drain them from juice. Take some large stewing oysters, cut them into dice, make a good white sauce with cream, flavour with the liquor from the oysters, a little cayenne and lemon-juice. Fill the tomatoes with these. Take an anchovy that has been well soaked with milk, and cut it up small and lay on the top, and place parsley stalks across for the handle, dish on fried croûtons, and send up hot to table. Instead of the anchovy a little bacon chopped up makes a nice variety.

Oyster Soufflé

Take two dozen blue point oysters, mince them and rub them through a wire sieve. Blanch and beard a dozen large oysters, and cut each one into four pieces. Put 2oz. of flour and 1oz. of butter into a stewpan, and mix them well together over the fire ; then add a quarter of a pint of oyster liquor and stir all together till it thickens and the flour is well cooked. Put this sauce and the pounded oysters into a mortar, and pound them well together, adding two yolks of eggs, one at a time, salt, cayenne, and a quarter of a pint of cream. When these are all thoroughly mixed, beat three whites of egg to a stiff froth and stir them into the mixture very lightly ; then put in the oysters. Butter the mould, pour in the mixture, cover it with buttered paper, and steam it gently for half an hour.

Scalloped Oysters

Open and beard a dozen oysters and scald them for a second in their own liquor. Make a white sauce, into which some oyster liquor is poured, a grain of cayenne, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a squeeze of lemon. Boil this till it is thick. Put the oysters in the scallop shells, pour the white sauce over them, and strew breadcrumbs on the top and place some butter in small pieces over. Be careful to have them nicely browned, and send to table very hot.

Oysters à la Maitre d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a stewpan or chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter ; stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

Prairie Oyster

Put into a wineglass a teaspoonful of vinegar, break a new laid egg into it, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle it with vinegar and one drop of Worcester sauce.

EMILIA.

"One Does Not Become Old at Table"

is a characteristic saying in Italy, which means that to sit over a pleasant meal is one of the joys of life. But it is at the end that the sweets and tasty dishes come. Delightful is a well-made pudding or sweet of any kind. It should, however, be of use from a dietetic standpoint. Quite against common sense would be to consume food regardless of its actual value. The sensible home-caterer appreciates the fact and uses Currants in plenty because, apart from being palatable, they are Nature's own design for an ideal sweet, full of nourishing grape sugar, the best of all nutrients. Without Currants there would be no Christmas Pudding and no Mince Pies. The little fruit is the very essence of the success of our very best confections. Of late Currant cookery has been developed to a considerable extent, to the delight of all who taste the attractive dishes. An enormous number of delightful preparations can be made from Currants, which, apart from their great intrinsic value, blend perfectly with the other ingredients which help to constitute the "sweet course."

The Permanent Removal of Superfluous Hair.

A LADY WILL GIVE YOU HER SECRET FREE.

For years I have searched for a simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin, so that it would not return. Experiments proved to me that the various pastes, powders, depilatories, electrical appliances, etc., now on the market were often injurious, and not lasting in their effects. At last I discovered a plan which succeeded in producing marvellous, permanent results where all others failed. A fashionable Parisian lady who followed my advice says: "My face is now soft and smooth, and no one would ever think it had been disfigured by a growth of superfluous hair." Others write: "It seems too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. No matter how much or how little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms, or body, I am confident that you can now remove it, permanently, and with perfect safety. I will send full information regarding the secret of my discovery absolutely free to every woman who writes at once, but this offer is limited to a short time only, so do not delay if you wish to benefit FREE. Address KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 412 G.), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.

SYKES-JOSEPHINE'S

"haute nouveauté" corsets are ideal, being built on anatomical principles an elegant and graceful contour is created. Mesdames are specialists for Fashionable, Surgical, Gestation, Restoring, Obesity, and Hunting Corsets. Only address,

280, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

'Phone: 6346 Gerrard.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on deposits repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

ROYAL for ANIMALS
See the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet.
UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE
See the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet, found enclosed with bottles of Elliman's.
THE NAME IS ELLIMAN.

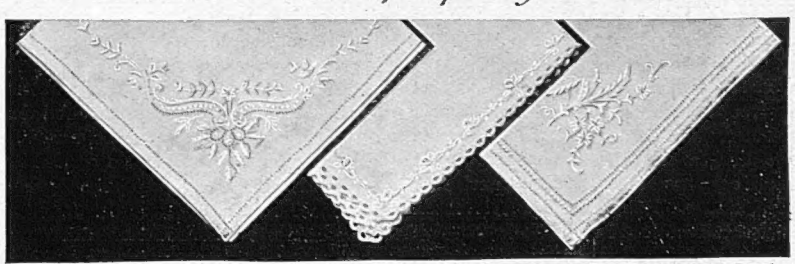
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

Robinson & Cleaver's

By Royal Warrant

Handkerchiefs for XMAS PRESENTS

World-renowned for quality & value.



No. K 32. Per doz.	No. O 14. Per doz.	No. K 53. Per doz
Ladies' Sheer Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches 15/9	Ladies' Superfine Mull Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 12½ inches 13/11	Ladies' Superfine Shamrock Lawn Embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches 16/-

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
44, T, Donegall Place, BELFAST.

Orders of 20s. upwards carriage paid.

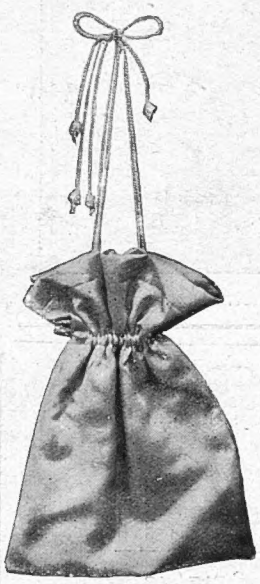
LONDON. LIVERPOOL.

Read "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." Price One Penny.

The Editor's Box

Always Acceptable

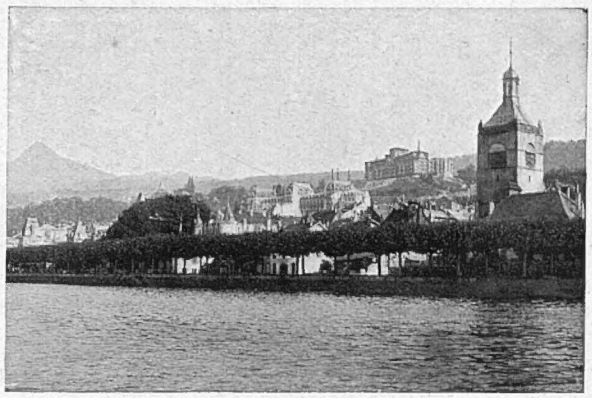
A gift that is always sure of popularity is one that emanates from the Violet Nurseries of the Misses Allen-Brown, F.R.H.S., at Henfield, Sussex. I have not the space, although I have the will, to detail the many delightful novelties, any one of which would make a most acceptable Christmas present. Mention, however, must be made of the Allen-Brown Christmas hamper of the English violet toilet requisites, daintily packed in attractive violet hampers of a substantial character ready for dispatch. The 10*s.* 6*d.* hamper contains a bottle of perfume, a box of soap, a bottle of foam, and a box of toilet powder; that at 12*s.* the extra large presentation bottle of the perfume; while for one guinea may be obtained a hamper with almost all that is necessary for the toilet, viz., large bottle of perfume, box of soap, bottle of foam, bottle of motor lotion, tin of bath salts, box of toilet powder, and a hanging sachet. But send to the Misses Allen-Brown for their illustrated catalogue.



A Hanging Sachet from the Misses Allen - Brown's Violet Nurseries at Henfield, Sussex

Evian-Cachat Water

Described as the "aristocrat" of table-waters, Evian-Cachat Water enjoys an increasing popularity. Eleven million bottles of it are consumed every year. Evian-Cachat Water is an ideal table-water. It is perfectly pure, and it is the most perfect known solvent. Taken either with or before meals in doses of two or three tumblers during the day it keeps the "axles" perfectly clean and well oiled. No undissolved matter can collect in the body to give rise to gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the like, and all waste matters are properly removed. Evian-Cachat Water is not purgative. It is a noticeable fact, in this connection, that physicians at the great foreign health resorts, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Homburg, Baden-Baden, etc., where the waters are very purgative, nevertheless recommend Evian-Cachat Water as an ordinary table drink. The "cure" at Evian-les-Bains, the beautiful town in the French Savoy, overlooking the Lake of Geneva, is acknowledged by the medical faculty as a most valuable therapeutic agent. The town affords the most refined accommodation to visitors. The Royal and the Splendide Hotels at Evian are palaces of comfort, under the management of the Ritz and Carlton Hotels of London. All information may be obtained on application to the Evian-Cachat Agency, 165, Piccadilly, London, W.



A View of Evian-les-Bains

A Famous Vineyard

Where is there a connoisseur who has not heard of the world-renowned vineyards of Berncastel? Famous for a hundred years, the rich grapes of this favoured district still yield the most exquisite of wine, and foremost among the products of these vineyards stands that Moselle of all Moselles, Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler. It is supplied regularly to the House of Lords, and also to many of the Royal Courts of Europe. Nothing but merit could have achieved such success, and merit is apparent in every bottle of Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler. It is a Moselle of unapproached delicacy of flavour and bouquet, and very dry, and its use entails no unpleasant after-effects, even to the gouty. Famous doctors have pronounced Kupferberg's Berncastler absolutely non-gouty and a valuable aid to digestion. Above all, this splendid wine is purity itself. In the face of imitations and inferior Moselles in general, it is well to make sure of getting the genuine article, bearing in mind that every bottle has the Kupferberg brand and label. Do not accept as *Kupferberg's* Sparkling Berncastler any bottle not so branded. London Agents: Coverdale, Pohlmann and Co., 5, Mark Lane, E.C.

"The Breed of the Treshams," at the Coronet

Before quite a large and enthusiastic audience at the Coronet Theatre, Mr. Martin Harvey last week revived *The Breed of the Treshams* for two nights. This style of play is as popular as ever in suburban districts, and on the second night of its production Mr. Harvey was forced to accede to the demand of his audience for a speech at the end of the performance.

A Dainty Silver Novelty

When discussing articles suitable for gifts at this season of the year, one must not overlook the charming novelty produced by the perfumery house of Courvoisier. Of course, all BYSTANDER readers are acquainted with their Viotto C.C. and Havaneta C.C. Perfumes in their dear little vials — well, they have devised a silver chatelaine holder for these vials which is daintiness itself. The price is 15*s.*, and you can obtain them from the stores, silversmiths, and many chemists. They are also supplied in gold where required. Apart from the excellence of the perfume, the whole get-up is so delightful and novel that I predict they will be the vogue. The refill vials can always be obtained at any chemist or the stores at 3*s.* 9*d.* per vial, which, in charming plush cases, themselves form a most acceptable Christmas gift.

A Silver Chatelaine Holder for the Viotto C.C. and Havaneta C.C. Vials of Perfume

"Fazenda" Coffee
1/6 PER lb
GUARANTEED PURE BY THE STATE OF SAN PAULO (BRAZIL)